THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING,

LIBERTY,
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,
AND
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

J:G*H

EDINBURGH:
Printed for R. Clark, Bookseller in the Parliament-House.
MDCCLXXII.

A

POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

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SHALL the great ſoul of NEWTON quit this earth,
To mingle with his ſtars; and every Muſe,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
Of honours due to his illuſtrious name?
But what can man?——Even now the ſons of light
In ſtrains high-warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
Yet am not I deterr'd, though high the theme,
And ſung to harps of angels; for with you,
Aethereal flames! ambitious, I aſpire
In Nature's general ſymphony to join.

And what new wonders can you ſhow your gueſt!
Who, while on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil
Clouded in duſt, from Motion's ſimple laws,
Could trace the ſecret hand of Providence,
Wide-working thro' this univerſal frame.

Have ye not liſtened, while he bound the ſuns
And planets to their ſpheres! th' unequal taſk
Of human kind till then. Oft had they roll'd

O'er erring man the year, and oft diſgrac'd
The pride of ſchools, before their courſe was known
Full in its cauſes and effects, to him,
All-piercing ſage! who ſate not down and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din
Of ſpecious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-ſearching, ſaw at laſt the Syſtem dawn,
And ſhine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how
ſtrong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminiſhed, but the pride of boys
In ſome ſmall fray victorious! when inſtead
Of ſhatter'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
By violence unmanly, and ſore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herſelf
Stood all ſubdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our ſolar round
Firſt gazing thro', he by the blended power
Of *gravitation* and *projection* ſaw
The whole in ſilent harmony revolve.
From unaſſiſted viſion hid, the moons
To chear remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
He alſo fix'd our wandering queen of night:
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,
In a ſoft deluge overflows the ſky
Her every motion, clear diſcerning, He
Adjuſted to the mutual Main, and taught
Why now the mighty maſs of water ſwells
Reſiſtleſs, heaving on the broken rocks,

And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waſte of idle ſands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite; and every ſtar,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or aſtronomic tube,
Far-ſtretching, ſnatches from the dark abyſs,
Or ſuch as farther in ſucceſſive ſkies
To fancy ſhine alone, at his approach
z'd into ſuns, the living centre each
Of a harmonious ſyſtem: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that ſingle power
Which draws the ſtone projected to the ground.
O unprofuſe magnificence divine!
O wiſdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few cauſes ſuch a ſcheme of things,
Effects ſo various, beautiful, and great,
An univerſe compleat! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The myſtic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcann'd
The riſing, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.
He, firſt of men, with awful wing purſu'd
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening ſky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling *vortices* and circling *ſpheres*,
To their firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.
The Schools aſtoniſh'd ſtood; but found it vain
To combat ſtill with demonſtration clear,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,
With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,

When NEWTON roſe, our philoſophic ſun.
Th' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meſſage in.
Nor could the darting Beam, of ſpeed immenſe,
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit, and meaſuring eye.
Even Light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. Firſt, the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing Green.
Then the pure Blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Aethereal play'd; and then, of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd Indico, as when
The heavy-ſkirted evening droops with froſt.
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
Theſe, when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct adown the wat'ry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from theſe reſult,
And myriads ſtill remain——Infinite ſource
Of beauty, ever-fluſhing, ever-new!
Did ever Poet image aught ſo fair,
Dreaming in whiſpering groves, by the hoarſe brook!
Or prophet, to whoſe rapture heaven deſcends!
Even now the ſetting ſun and ſhifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How juſt, how beauteous the *refractive law*.
The noiſeleſs tide of time, all bearing down

To vaſt eternity's unbounded ſea,
Where the green iſlands of the happy ſhine,
He ſtemm'd alone; and to the ſource (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) aſcending, rais'd
His lights at equal diſtances, to guide
Hiſtorian, wilder'd on his darkſome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high diſcoveries ſing? when but a few
Of the deep-ſtudying race can ſtretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
How ſhall the Muſe then graſp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion ſwell'd
Reſponſive to his knowledge! for could he,
Whoſe piercing mental eye diffuſive ſaw
The finiſh'd univerſity of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear inceſſant to adore that Power
Who fills, ſuſtains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who beſt can tell, ye happy few,
Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All un-with-held, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh ſpeak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection: far above
Thoſe little cares, and viſionary joys,
That ſo perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man.
And you, ye hopeleſs gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege
Of Being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul

Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous powers
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world--"*'Tis done! The meaſure's full;*
"*And I reſign my charge.*"——Ye mouldering ſtones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhip'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt,
While NEWTON lifts his column to the ſkies,
Beyond the waſte of time. Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac ſong. But NEWTON calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
O Britain's boaſt! whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,
Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From LIGHT *himſelf:* Oh look with pity down
On human kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country, chief preſide,
And be her *Genius* call'd! her ſtudies raiſe,

Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth:
For, tho' deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar:
While in expectance of the ſecond life,
When time ſhall be no more, thy ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

BRITANNIA.

A

POEM.

——Et tantas audetis tollere molles ?
Quos ego—ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.
Maturatæ fugam, regique hæc dicite veſtro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi ſorte datum.—— VIRG.

BRITANNIA.

A

POEM.

AS on the ſea-beat ſhore BRITANNIA ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving ſad:
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe, and hollow, from the bleak ſurge blew:
Looſe flow'd her treſſes; rent her azure robe:
Hung o'er the deep, from her majeſtic brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wings: and War, tho' greatly rouzed,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations ſpoke; and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.
Even not yon ſail, that, from the ſky-mix'd wave,
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the ROYAL YOUTH *,
A freight of future glory to my ſhore;
Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the PARENTS, and their endleſs line
Thro' late revolving time, can ſoothe my rage;
While, unchaſtis'd, th' inſulting Spaniard dares

* Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

Infeſt the trading flood, full of vain war,
Deſpiſe my navies, and my merchants ſeize;
As, truſting to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance; this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And ſail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot diſeaſe,
And ſloth diſtempered, ſwept off burning crouds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, ſunk them in a watery grave.
There now they ly beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country, unaveng'd;
And back the drooping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin; her ſons aſhamed
Thus idly to review their native ſhore;
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-ſought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and ſweat beneath equator ſuns,
By lawleſs force detain'd; a force that ſoon
Would melt away, and every ſpoil reſign,
Were once the Britiſh lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-aſſerted element,
Dares rouze to wrath the maſters of the main?
Who told him that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In ſmoaky ruin? and his guilty ſtores,
Won by the ravage of a butchered world,

Yet unaton'd, ſunk in the ſwallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
There was a time (oh let my languid ſons
Reſume their ſpirit at the rouzing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring ſurge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundleſs breeze.
Gaily the ſplendid armament along
Exultant plow'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As ſunk the ſun, o'er all the flaming Vaſt;
Tall, gorgeous and elate; drunk with the dream
Of eaſy conqueſt; while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from ſky to ſky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But ſoon, regardleſs of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntleſs Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempeſt black, the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of fate
Reſiſtleſs thunder'd thro' their yielding ſides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And ſeiz'd in horrid graſp, or ſhatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters, deep they ſunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I ſwept confed'rate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm.
Round the glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful blaſt,
The ſcatter'd remnants drove; on the blind ſhelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented ſhore,
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the northern main
Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian iſles.
Such were the dawnings of my wat'ry reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
Even in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful BLAKE
Aw'd angry nations with the Britiſh name,
Let every humbled ſtate, let Europe ſay,
Suſtain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.

Ah what muſt thoſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? Thoſe, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace.
Ah how with indignation muſt they burn!
(If aught, but joy, can touch ætherial breaſts)
With ſhame! with grief! to ſee their feeble ſons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd ſeas,
For which their wiſdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled thro' many a toiling age.
Oh firſt of human bleſſings! and ſupreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whoſe wide tie, the kindred ſons of men,
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith; while honeſt toil
Gives every joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but uſurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
Trickling diſtills into the vernant glebe;
Inſtead of mangled carcaſes, ſad ſeen,
When the blythe ſheaves ly ſcatter'd o'er the field;
When only ſhining ſhares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou ſource and ſoul of ſocial life;
Beneath whoſe calm inſpiring influence,
Science his view enlarges, Art refines,
And ſwelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Bleſt be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who ſheathes the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armory returns;
And every vigour from the work of death

To grateful induſtry converting, makes
The country flouriſh, and the city ſmile.
Unviolated, him the virgin ſings;
And him the ſmiling mother to her train.
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The huſbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the ſailor ſoothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what inceſſant care?
What mix'd anxiety? what ſleepleſs toil?
Even from the raſh protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendſhip he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, ſometimes the more
Inevitable war, when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd ſtate.
Even the good, patient man, whom reaſon rules;
Rouz'd by bold inſult, and injurious rage,
With ſharp and ſudden check, th' aſtoniſh'd ſons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cauſe,
His bolder heart; in awful juſtice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And, as he charges thro' the proſtrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithleſs men, no more
To dare the ſacred vengeance of the juſt.

And what, my thoughtleſs ſons, ſhould fire you more,
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The leaſt beginning injury receives?

What better cauſe can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your deareſt life demand?
What better cauſe, than when your country ſees
The ſly deſtruction at her vitals aim'd?
For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch
Even with a hand ſevere, and jealous eye.
In intercourſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
By Wiſdom poliſh'd, and of manners fair;
But on the ſea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable ſtill: let none eſcape,
Who ſhall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to ſnatch his young away?
And is a Briton ſeiz'd? and ſeiz'd beneath
The ſlumbering terrors of a Britiſh fleet?
Then ardent riſe! oh great in vengeance riſe;
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to *reſtore:*
And as you ride ſublimely round the world,
Make every veſſel ſtoop, make every ſtate
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wiſdom; this
The native power for which you were deſign'd
By fate, when fate deſign'd the firmeſt ſtate
That e'er was ſeated on the ſubject ſea;
A ſtate, alone, where *Liberty* ſhould live,
In theſe late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome and Carthage are no more,
The world almoſt in ſlaviſh ſloth diſſolved.
For this, theſe rocks around your coaſt were thrown;
For this your oaks, peculiar harden'd, ſhoot
Strong into ſturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a ſullen courage, growing ſtill
As danger grows; and ſtrength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.

Then cheriſh this, this unexpenſive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By laviſh nature thruſt into your hand;
And unencumber'd with the bulk immenſe
Of conqueſt, whence huge empires roſe, and fell
Self-cruſh'd. Extend your reign from ſhore to ſhore,
Where-e'er the wind your high beheſts can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal baſe.
For ſhould the ſliding fabric once give way,
Soon ſlacken'd quite, and paſt recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-ruſhing down to that devouring gulph,
Where many a mighty empire buried lyes.
And ſhould the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thouſand thouſand labours join
Their ſeveral currents, till the boundleſs tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright ſtream, the leaſt inflected, point
Its courſe another way, o'er other lands
The various treaſure would reſiſtleſs pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, deſolate, and dead,
With all around a miſerable waſte.
Not Egypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er her rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy viſion pil'd, in one wide flaſh
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the ſky)
Even not that prime of earth, where harveſts croud
On untill'd harveſts, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boaſted iſle: her princes ſunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the duſt;

Unnerv'd her force; her ſpirit vaniſh'd quite;
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the ſign
Of what ſhe was; her merchants ſcatter'd wide;
Her hollow ſhops ſhut up; and in her ſtreets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The chearful voice of labour heard no more.
Oh let not then waſte luxury impair
That manly ſoul of toil which ſtrings your nerves,
And your own proper happineſs creates!
Oh let not the ſoft penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,
With the ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endleſs, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of *Liberty*; the high conception blaſt;
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good, eraſing from the mind:
While nought ſave narrow ſelfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt.
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceived degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total diſſolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppreſſion raging o'er the waſte he makes;
The human being almoſt quite extinct;
And the whole ſtate in broad corruption ſinks.
Oh ſhun that gulph, that gaping ruin ſhun!
And countleſs ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-beloved! May *Liberty*,
The light of life! the ſun of human kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Even where the keen depreſſive North deſcends,
Still ſpread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While ſlaviſh ſouthern climates beam in vain.

And may a public ſpirit from the *throne*,
Where every virtue ſits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land! the finer arts inſpire;
Make thoughtful Science raiſe his penſive head,
Blow the freſh bay, bid Induſtry rejoice,
And the rough ſons of loweſt Labour ſmile.
As when profuſe of ſpring, the looſen'd Weſt
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.
But haſte we from theſe melancholy ſhores,
Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitleſs plaint
Pour weak; the country claims our active aid!
That let us roam; and where we find a ſpark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my ſons, the ſons of freedom! meet
In awful ſenate: thither let us fly;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearleſs truth; myſelf transform'd preſide,
And ſhed the ſpirit of BRITANNIA round.
This ſaid; her fleeting form and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Ruſh'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the daſhing wave.

ANCIENT and MODERN

ITALY

COMPARED:

Being the FIRST PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of liberty have so zealous a Patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author, and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the Prince, and of the Patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of King and People; to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages, down to her excellent establishment in GREAT BRITAIN, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

The CONTENTS of PART I.

THE following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Viſion. Its Scene the ruins of ancient Rome. *The* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak through the whole, appears characteriſed as* BRITISH LIBERTY; *to* Ver. 44. *Gives a view of antient* Italy, *and particularly of Republican* Rome, *in all her magnificence and glory; to* Ver. 112. *This contraſted by Modern* Italy; *its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing ſtrongeſt in the Capital City* Rome; *to* Ver. 234. *The ruins of the great works of* LIBERTY *more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of* OPPRESSION; *and from them revived* Sculpture, Painting *and* Architecture; *to* Ver. 256. *The old* Romans *apoſtrophized, with regard to the ſeveral melancholy changes in* Italy; HORACE, TULLY, *and* VIRGIL, *with regard to their* Tibur, Tuſculum, *and* Naples; *to* Ver. 287. *That once fineſt and moſt ornamented part of* Italy, *all along the coaſt of* Baiæ, *how changed; to* Ver. 321. *This deſolation of* Italy *applied to* Britain; *to* Ver. 344. *Addreſs to the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *that ſhe would deduce, from the firſt ages, her chief eſtabliſhments, the deſcription of which conſtitute the ſubject of the following parts of this Poem. She aſſents, and commands what ſhe ſays to be ſung in* Britain; *whoſe happineſs, ariſing from freedom, and a limited monarchy, ſhe marks; to* Ver. 391. *An immediate* VISION *attends, and paints her words. Invocation.*

LIBERTY.

PART I.

O MY lamented TALBOT! while with thee
The Muſe gay-rov'd the glad Heſperian round,
And drew th' inſpiring breath of ancient arts;
Ah! little thought ſhe her returning verſe
Should ſing our darling ſubject to thy *ſhade*.
And does the myſtic veil from mortal beam
Involve thoſe eyes where every virtue ſmil'd,
And all thy FATHER's candid ſpirit ſhone?
The light of reaſon, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour diſdaining blemiſh, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very ſoul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn,
My ſtrain; be there abſorpt the private tear.
Muſing, I lay; warm from the ſacred walks,
Where at each ſtep imagination burns:
While ſcatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
Lyes, a vaſt monument, once-glorious *Rome*,
The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finiſh'd, modern pomp can boaſt.
Snatch'd by theſe wonders to that world where
Unfettered ranges, Fancy's magic hand [thought
Led me anew o'er all the ſolemn ſcene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more ſolemn dreſt.
When ſtrait, methought, the fair majeſtic POWER
Of LIBERTY appear'd. Not as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,

Whoſe ſlave-enlarging touch gave double life:
But her bright temples bound with Britiſh oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port: looſe o'er her ſhoulder flow'd
Her ſea-green robe, with conſtellations gay.
An iſland goddeſs now: and her high care
The queen of iſles, the miſtreſs of the main.
My heart beat filial tranſport at the ſight;
And as ſhe moved to ſpeak, th' awaken'd muſe
Liſten'd intenſe. A while ſhe look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins marked,
And then, her ſighs repreſſing, thus began.

Mine are theſe wonders, all thou ſee'ſt is mine;
But ah, how changed! the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Auſonian ſhore.
Look back through time; and riſing from the gloom,
Mark the dread ſcene, that paints whate'er I ſay.

The great republic ſee! that glow'd, ſublime,
With the mix'd freedom of a thouſand ſtates;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her *Curule Chair*,
And by her *Faſces* aw'd the ſubject world.
See buſy millions quick'ning all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to *men*.
Behold, the country chearing, villas riſe,
In lively proſpect; by the ſecret lapſe
Of brooks now loſt and ſtreams renown'd in ſong:
In Umbria's cloſing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the ſcented gale:
On Baiae's viny coaſt; where peaceful ſeas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiſs the ſhore,
And ſuns unclouded ſhine, thro' pureſt air:
Or in the ſpacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-ſhining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive ſhade;

To where Preneſte lifts her airy brow;
Or downward ſpreading to the ſunny ſhore,
Where Alba breathes the freſhneſs of the main.
See diſtant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes ſacred, ſee her roads:
By various nations trod, and ſuppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
Full in the centre of theſe wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory ſee!
Behold her demigods, in ſenate met;
All head to counſel, and all heart to act;
The commonweal inſpiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
Ere tame Corruption taught the ſervile herd
To rank obedient to a maſter's voice.
Her forum ſee, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two SIRES *,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See Juſtice judging there, in human ſhape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſinks to TULLY's tongue.
Her tribes, her cenſus, ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward
Free for their country and for ME to die:
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.
Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her *Circus*, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldeſt born,

* L. Junius Brutus, and Virginius.

And of a people caſt in virtue's mold.
While ſculpture *lives* around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this center of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heightened luſtre met.
Need I the contraſt mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd.
Who but theſe far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whoſe heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh ſphere
Of doubting modern life; who but inflam'd
With claſſic zeal, theſe conſecrated ſcenes
Of men and deeds to trace; unhappy land,
Would trace thy wilds, and cities looſe of ſway!
Are theſe the vales, that, once, exulting ſtates
In their warm boſom fed? the mountains theſe,
On whoſe high-blooming ſides my ſons, of old,
I bred to glory? theſe dejected towns,
Where, mean, and ſordid, life can ſcarce ſubſiſt,
The ſcenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
Come! by whatever ſacred name diſguis'd,
OPPRESSION, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richeſt plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds,
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and ſeat.
Firſt, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, reſign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely ſwain himſelf,
Who loves at large along the graſſy downs
His flocks to paſture, thy drear champian flies.
Far as the ſickening eye can ſweep around,

'Tis all one desart, desolate, and grey;
Graz'd by the sullen bufalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;
While ancient ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more.
Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer!* Foe
To human kind! thy mountains too, profuse,
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines; the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour: while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
And flowering plants perfume the desart gale.
Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines,

Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to ſong,
And long a ſtranger to the hero's brow.
Nor half thy triumph this: caſt from brute fields,
Into the haunts of men thy ruthleſs eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean convenience reigns; even ſleep itſelf,
Leaſt delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See ſtreets whoſe echoes never know the voice
Of chearful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
And art mechanic at his various taſk,
Fervent, employed. Mark the deſponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from ETERNAL GOOD,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madneſs all to them!
By thee relentleſs ſeiz'd their better joys,
To the ſoft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and muſic melt their ſouls away.
From feeble Juſtice ſee how raſh Revenge,
Trembling, the balance ſnatches; and the ſword,
Fearful himſelf, to venal ruffians gives.
See where GOD's altar, nurſing murder, ſtands,
With the red touch of dark aſſaſſins ſtain'd.
But chief let Rome, the mighty city! ſpeak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her riſe amid the lifeleſs waſte,
Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tyber, thro' the deſart plain,
Winds his waſte ſtores, and ſullen ſweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unſolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful dreſs'd,
Amuſive, draws the ſuperſtitious train.

Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the desart see.
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic soul
Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
A thin despairing number, all subdu'd,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unman'd, and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, OPPRESSION, are; and such were MINE.
Even with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
Deluded thousands starve, all age-begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken, let my Ruins vie.
These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's fartheſt shore; one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;

These endless wonders that this * Sacred Way
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.
Mine is, besides, *thy* every later boast:
Thy † BUONAROTIS, *thy* PALLADIOS *mine*;
And *mine* the fair designs, which RAPHAEL's soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.
What would you say, ye conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose; possess'd of all
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow;
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk? Your crouded plains,
Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
These could you know? these could you love again?
Thy Tibur, HORACE, could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song: while thro' the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortured stream, you mus'd along?

* *Via Sacra.*

† M. ANGELO BUONAROTI, PALLADIO, and RAPHAEL D'URBINO; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

* Yon wild retreat, where ſuperſtition dreams,
Could TULLY, you your Tuſculum believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Famed in old ſong, the ſhip-forſaken † bay,
Your Formian ſhore? once the delight of earth,
Where art and nature, ever-ſmiling, joined
On the gay land to laviſh all their ſtores.
How chang'd, how vacant, VIRGIL, wide around,
Would now your Naples ſeem? Diſaſter'd leſs
By black Veſuvius thundering o'er the coaſt,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by deſpotic rage ‡: *that* inward gnaws,
A native foe; a *foreign*, tears without.
Firſt from your flatter'd CÆSARS this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled ſpreads, at laſt, the ‖ ſyren plain,
That the dire ſoul of HANNIBAL diſarm'd;
And wrapt in weeds the ſhore of § Venus lyes.
There Baiae ſees no more the joyous throng;
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now baſk along the hills,
Where ſport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas riſe;
Nor, art-ſuſtain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:

* Tuſculum is reckoned to have ſtood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

† The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulyſſes and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

‡ Naples, then under the Auſtrian government.

‖ *Campagna Felice*, adjoining to Capua.

§ The coaſt of Baiae, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidſt many magnificent ruins, thoſe of a temple erected to Venus are ſtill to be ſeen.

No ſpreading ports their ſacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intruſive ſtorm,
From the calm ſtation, roll reſounding back.
An almoſt total deſolation ſits,
A dreary ſtillneſs, ſaddening o'er the coaſt;
* Where, when ſoft ſuns and tepid winters roſe,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial ſtrife. Her youthful form, robuſt,
Even nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
Whole ſtately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbiſh laid,
A neſt for ſerpents; from the rude abyſs
New hills, exploſive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
The ſea recovering his uſurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.

Hence, BRITAIN, learn; my beſt-eſtabliſh'd, laſt,
And more than GREECE, or ROME, my ſteady reign;
The land where, King and People equal bound
By guardian laws, my fulleſt bleſſings flow;
And where my jealous unſubmitting ſoul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breaſt:
Learn hence, if ſuch the miſerable fate
Of an heroic race, the maſters once
Of human kind; what, when depriv'd of Me,
How grievous muſt be thine? In ſpite of climes,
Whoſe ſun-enliven'd aether wakes the ſoul
To higher powers; in ſpite of happy ſoils,
That, but by labour's ſlighteſt aid impell'd,
With treaſures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
If there deſponding fail the common arts,
And ſuſtenance of life; could life itſelf,

* All along this coaſt, the ancient Romans had their winter retreats, and ſeveral populous cities ſtood.

Far leſs a thoughtleſs tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subſiſt with thee? Againſt depreſſing ſkies,
Join'd to full-ſpread Oppreſſion's cloudy brow,
How could thy ſpirits hold? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative ſoil?
Or, ſtoring every harveſt in thy ports,
To plow the dreadful all-producing wave?
Here paus'd the GODDESS. By the pauſe aſſur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer.
" Oh firſt, and moſt benevolent of powers!
" Come from eternal ſplendors, here on earth,
" Againſt deſpotic pride, and rage, and luſt,
" To ſhield mankind; to raiſe them to aſſert
" The native rights and honours of their race:
" Teach me thy loweſt ſubject, but in zeal
" Yielding to none, the PROGRESS OF THY REIGN,
" And with a ſtrain from THEE enrich the Muſe.
" As THEE alone ſhe ſerves, her patron, THOU,
" And great inſpirer be! then will ſhe joy,
" Tho' narrow life her lot, and private ſhade:
" And when her venal voice ſhe barters vile,
" Or to thy open or thy ſecret foes;
" May ne'er theſe ſacred raptures touch her more,
" By ſlaviſh hearts unfelt! and may her ſong
" Sink in oblivion with the nameleſs crew!
" Vermin of ſtate! to thy e'erflowing light
" That owe their being, yet betray thy cauſe."
Then, condeſcending kind, the HEAVENLY POWER
Return'd.—" What here, ſuggeſted by the ſcene,
" I ſlight unfold, record, and ſing at home,
" In that bleſt iſle, where (ſo we ſpirits move)
" With one quick effort of my will I am.
" There TRUTH, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accoſt
" Even kings themſelves, the monarchs of the Free!
" Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race,
" O'er BRITONS wield the ſceptre of their choice:

" And there, to finiſh what his ſires began,
" A PRINCE behold! for ME who burns ſincere,
" Even with a ſubject's zeal. He my great work
" Will parent-like ſuſtain; and added give
" The touch, the Graces and the Muſes owe.
" For Britain's glory ſwells his panting breaſt;
" And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
" His pride to let the ſmiling heart abroad,
" Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
" To pleaſe his pleaſure; bounty his delight;
" And all the ſoul of TITUS dwells in him."

Hail, glorious theme! But how, alas! ſhall verſe
From the crude ſtores of mortal language drawn,
How faint and tedious, ſing, what, piercing deep,
The GODDESS flaſh'd at once upon my ſoul.
For, clear preciſion all, the tongue of gods
Is harmony itſelf; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime diſcloſing ages, as ſhe ſpoke,
In long ſucceſſion pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after ſcene the human drama ſpread;
And ſtill th' embodied picture roſe to ſight.

Oh THOU! to whom the Muſes owe their flame;
Who bid'ſt, beneath the pole, Parnaſſus riſe,
And Hippocrene flow; with thy bold eaſe,
The ſtriking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy ſtrong phraſe, that rolls profound, and clear;
Oh gracious GODDESS! re-inſpire my ſong;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aſpiring, thy commands to BRITONS bear.

GREECE:

Being the SECOND PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART II.

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LIBERTY.

PART II.

THUS ſpoke the GODDESS of the fearleſs eye,
And at her voice, renew'd, the viſion roſe.
Firſt, in the dawn of time, with eaſtern ſwains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In ſearch of clearer ſpring, and freſher field.
Theſe, as increaſing families diſclos'd
The tender ſtate, I taught an equal ſway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erſpread,
The father-ſenate met. There Juſtice dealt,
With Reaſon then and Equity the ſame,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had ſtain'd her ſword with ſubject's blood.
The ſimpler arts were all their ſimpler wants
Had urg'd to light. But inſtant, theſe ſupply'd,
Another ſet of fonder wants aroſe,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking puſh'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to ſhine.
At firſt, on brutes alone the ruſtic war
Launch'd the rude ſpear; ſwift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young ſportive life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endleſs joys,

Led on by equal toils, the boſom fir'd;
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primæval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle foreſt drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wand'ring ſwain,
Seiz'd what he durſt not earn. Then brothers blood
Firſt, horrid, ſmoak'd on the polluted ſkies.
Awful in juſtice then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawleſs men,
The laſt worſt monſters of the ſhaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the ſharpen'd ſpear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then aroſe;
Who ſcorning coward ſelf, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their eaſe and for their ſafety bled.
Weſt with the living day to GREECE I came:
Earth ſmil'd Beneath my beam: the Muſe before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and ſigh'd the ſhepherd's pain;
But now to ſing heroic deeds, ſhe ſwell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For GREECE my ſons of EGYPT I forſook;
A boaſtful race, that in the vain abyſs
Of fabling ages lov'd to loſe their ſource,
And with their river trac'd it from the ſkies.
While there my laws alone deſpotic reign'd,
And King as well as People, proud obey'd,
I taught them ſcience, virtue, wiſdom, arts;
By poets, ſages, legiſlators ſought;
The ſchool of poliſh'd life, and human kind.
But when myſterious Superſtition came,
And, with her * Civil Siſter league'd, involv'd
In ſtudy'd darkneſs the deſponding mind!
Then Tyrant Power the righteous ſcourge unloos'd:
For yielded reaſon ſpeaks the ſoul a ſlave.
Inſtead of uſeful works, like nature's great,

* Civil Tyranny.

Enormous, cruel wonders cruſh'd the land:
And round a tyrant's † tomb, who none deſerv'd,
For one vile carcaſe periſh'd countleſs lives.
Then the great ‡ Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd,—"This flood is mine,
"'Tis I that bid it flow."——But, undeceiv'd,
His frenzy ſoon the proud blaſphemer felt;
Felt that without my fertilizing power
Suns loſt their force, and Niles o'er-flowed in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal ſtate
Of riſing PERSIA, ſober in extreme
Beyond the pitch of Man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waſte; nor yet the ports
Of old PHOENICIA; firſt for letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and ſilent ſpeak to ſight.
Of arts prime ſource and guardian! by fair ſtars
Firſt tempted out into the lonely deep;
To whom I firſt diſclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to ſubdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade
Earneſt of BRITAIN. Nor by theſe retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring land, whoſe palmy ſhore
The ſilver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd *Land of Arts*, and urg'd my flight.
Hail Nature's utmoſt boaſt! unrival'd GREECE!
My faireſt reign! where every power benign
Conſpir'd to blow the flower of human kind,
And laviſh'd all that genius can inſpire:
Clear ſunny climates, by the breezy main,
Iönian or Ægean, temper'd kind:
Light, airy ſoils. A country rich and gay;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harveſt, joyous vales.

† The Pyramids. ‡ The Tyrants of EGYPT.

Mountains, and ſtreams, where verſe ſpontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the ſeat of Gods,
And ſtill the mountains and the ſtreams of Song:
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and MY reſtleſs ARTS
Frame into finiſh'd life. How many ſtates,
And cluſtering towns, and monuments of fame,
And ſcenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds;
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Iſles
In ſhining proſpect riſe, and on the ſhore
Of fartheſt Crete reſounds the Lybian Main!
O'er All two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd All. Spread on Eurota's bank,
Amid a circle of ſoft-riſing hills,
The patient SPARTA One: the ſober, hard,
And man-ſubduing city; which no ſhape
Of Pain could conquer, nor of Pleaſure charm.
LYCURGUS there built on the ſolid baſe
Of equal life ſo well a temper'd ſtate;
Where mix'd each government in ſuch juſt poiſe,
Each power ſo checking, and ſupporting each;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it ſtood,
The fort of GREECE, without one giddy hour,
One ſhock of faction, or of party-rage.
For, drain'd the ſprings of wealth, Corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, ſunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the ſoil; yet there the calm abode
Of wiſdom, virtue, philoſophic eaſe,
Of manly ſenſe and wit, in frugal phraſe,
Confin'd and preſs'd into Laconic force.

There too, by rooting thence ſtill treacherous ſelf,
The public and the private grew the ſame.
The children of the nurſing public all,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd;
For that they liv'd entire, and even for that
The tender mother urg'd her ſon to die.
Of ſofter genius, but not leſs intent
To ſeize the palm of empire, ATHENS roſe,
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus* ſpread, amid the ſcented ſky,
His thymy treaſures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the ſtores of health.
Wrapt in a ſoul-attenuating clime,
Between Iliſſus and Cephiſſus† glow'd
This hive of ſcience, ſhedding ſweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, paſſionate for ME, an eaſy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of ſpeech,
Enforcing haſty counſel immature,
Totter'd the raſh democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
SOLON, at laſt, their mild reſtorer, roſe;
Allay'd the tempeſt; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the ſettling Whole; and, with the weight
Which the two* ſenates to the public lent,

* A mountain near Athens,

† Two rivers betwixt which Athens was ſituated.

* The Areopagus, or ſupreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed and improved: and the council of Four Hundred, by him inſtituted. In this council all affairs of ſtate were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the aſſembly of the people.

As with an anchor fix'd the driving ſtate.
Nor was my forming care to theſe confin'd.
For emulation thro' the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who ſhould moſt excel
In government well pois'd, adjuſted beſt
To public weal; in countries cultur'd high;
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free ſocial life, and poliſh'd manners fair;
In exerciſe, and arms, arms only drawn
For common GREECE, to quell the Perſian pride:
In moral ſcience, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they ſtrove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By conteſt brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardor burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath, which ſounding Piſa ‡ gave.
Hence flouriſhed GREECE; and hence a race of men,
As Gods by conſcious future times ador'd;
In whom each virtue wore a ſmiling air,
Each ſcience ſhed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. SPARTAN valour hence,
At the *fam'd paſs* †, firm as an iſthmus ſtood;
And the whole eaſtern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its viſion, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen ATHENIANS drove
Before their ardent band an hoſt of ſlaves.
Hence thro' the continent ten thouſand GREEKS
Urg'd a retreat, whoſe glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deſarts in vain,

‡ Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

† The ſtraits of Thermopylæ.

Oppos'd their courſe; and hoſtile lands unknown;
And deep rapacious floods, dire bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whoſe jaws deſtruction grin'd;
Hunger and toil; Armenian ſnows and ſtorms;
And circling myriads ſtill of barbarous foes.
GREECE in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their ſteady column pierc'd the ſcattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the SAGE-EXALTED CHIEF *
Fir'd and ſuſtain'd. Oh light and force of mind,
Almoſt almighty in ſevere extremes!
The ſea at laſt from Colchian mountains ſeen,
Kind-hearted tranſport round their captains threw;
The ſoldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries reſounding loud, *the ſea! the ſea!*
In ATTIC bounds hence heroes, ſages, wits,
Shone thick as ſtars, the milky way of GREECE!
And tho' gay wit, and pleaſing grace was theirs,
All the ſoft modes of elegance and eaſe,
Yet was not courage leſs, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and diſquiſition deep.
MY SPIRIT pours a vigour through the ſoul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inſpires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler ſcience, as in that of arms.
ATHENIANS thus not leſs intrepid burſt
The bonds of tyrant darkneſs, than they ſpurn'd
The Perſian chains; while thro' the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Inceſſant ſtruggled taſte refining taſte,
And friendly free diſcuſſion, calling forth
From the fair jewel TRUTH its latent ray.

* Xenophon.

O'er all ſhone out the great ATHENIAN SAGE *
And father of philoſophy: the ſun,
From whoſe white blaze emerg'd, each various ſect
Took various teints, but with diminiſh'd beam.
Tutor of ATHENS he, in every ſtreet,
Dealt priceleſs treaſure: goodneſs his delight,
Wiſdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,
His ſimple queſtion ſtole; as into truth,
And ſerious deeds, he ſmil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bleſs,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
In different SCHOOLS: the bold poetic phraſe
Of figur'd PLATO; XENOPHON's pure ſtrain,
Like the clear brook that ſteals along the vale;
Diſſecting truth, the STAGYRITE's keen eye;
Th' exalted STOIC pride; the CYNIC ſneer;
The ſlow-conſenting ACADEMIC doubt;
And joining bliſs to virtue, the glad eaſe
Of EPICURUS, ſeldom underſtood.
They, ever candid, reaſon ſtill oppos'd
To reaſon: and ſince virtue was their aim,
Each by pure practice tried to prove his way
The beſt. Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid baſe
Of liberty, the *Liberty of Mind.*
For ſyſtems yet, and ſoul-enſlaving creeds
Slept with the monſters of ſucceeding times.
From prieſtly darkneſs ſprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and ſword, and rage, and horrid names.
O GREECE! thou ſapient nurſe of FINER ARTS,
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praiſe, that thou, and thou alone
In theſe haſt led the way, in theſe excell'd,

* Socrates.

Crown'd with the laurel of aſſenting time.
In thy full language, ſpeaking mighty things,
Like a clear torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
A broad majeſtic ſtream, and rowling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of ſound,
In it the power of ELOQUENCE, at large,
Breath'd the perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul;
Still'd by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
Or bade it threatening riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the MUSE, her fury never quench'd
By mean unyielding phraſe, or jarring ſound,
Her unconfin'd divinity diſplay'd;
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will:
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the tongue of Gods.
Heroic Song was thine; the FOUNTAIN-BARD *,
Whence each poetic ſtream derives its courſe.
Thine the dread *Moral Scene*, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durſt not mix her voice,
When Reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or ſtorm'd; and in the impaſſion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet ſunk.
This potent ſchool of manners, but, when left
To looſe neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundleſs coſt, by thee; whoſe every ſon,
Even laſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had flavour to the nouriſh'd ſoul.
The ſweet enforcer of the poet's ſtrain,
Thine was the meaning MUSIC of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that void of paſſion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-ſearching voice, and artful hand,

* Homer.

To which reſpondent ſhakes the varied ſoul.
Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By love imagin'd, by the graces touch'd,
The boaſt of well-pleas'd Nature, SCULPTURE ſeiz'd,
And bade them ever ſmile in Parian ſtone.
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's ſelf behind.
From thoſe far different, whoſe prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing ſtone.
There, beaming full, it ſhone, expreſſing Gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of ſinewed Mars,
Or the ſly graces of the Cyprian Queen:
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple ſunk,
And every muſcle ſwell'd, as nature taught.
In treſſes, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in looſe robes, or thin tranſparent veils;
Sprung into motion; ſoftened into fleſh;
Was fir'd to Paſſion, or refin'd to Soul.
Nor leſs thy PENCIL, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brighteſt dames,
Aſſembled, ZEUXIS in his HELEN mix'd:
And when APELLES, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Freſh from the billows, bluſhing orient charms.
Even ſuch enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Daſh'd to the ground; and, rather than deſtroy
The * patriot picture, let the city ſcape.

* When Demetrius beſieged Rhodes, and could have

First elder *Sculpture* taught her *Sister Art*
Correct design; where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
Then the bright *Muse*, their elder Sister, came;
And bade her follow where she led the way:
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
And copious action on the canvas glow:
Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's store;
Enlarg'd her View; taught Composition high,
And just Arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole:
Caught from the heavenly *Muse* a nobler aim,
And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticoes and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
Arouz'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouze to glory; while, to rural life,
The softer canvas oft repos'd the soul.
There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;

reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jasylus, a masterpiece of that painter.

White, down the rock, the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
The ſun ſhone, trembling, o'er the diſtant main;
The tempeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving ſtorm
Sadden'd the ſkies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the ſcath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In cloſing ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
Piped the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public Virtue thus the ſmiling Arts
Unblemiſh'd handmaids, ſerv'd, the *Graces* they
To dreſs this faireſt *Venus*. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of ſordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great maſters ſtrove:
Courted by kings, and by contending ſtates
Aſſum'd the boaſted honour of their birth.
In ARCHITECTURE too thy rank ſupreme!
That art where moſt magnificent appears
The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who ſcorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of ſhame.
Not thoſe gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
Shot, all proportion, up First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric roſe;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath.
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd,
That from the magic wand aërial riſe.

These were the wonders that illumin'd GREECE,
From end to end——Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, GODDESS, where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! she resum'd; deep in the kindred gloom
Of Superstition, and of Slavery, sunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
Of imitation in their breasts awake.
Even, to supply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand;
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
Or nodding column on the desart shore,
To point where CORINTH or where ATHENS stood.
A faithless land of violence, and death!
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
And his wild impulse curious Search restrains,
Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime.
Neglected nature fails; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The sun himself seems, angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
And fires them oft with pestilential rays:
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die, and LIBERTY go round.

Fierce was the stand, e'er Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by ME (that often stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From Hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in GREECE, their works effac'd,
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.

Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing: when GREECE with GREECE
Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
For common glory, and for common weal:
But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the Free;
Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
When XERXES pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sue'd;
Sue'd to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the * *Great King*;
And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of sly Corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blast the seas;
And by their listed orators, whose breath
Still with a factious storm infested GREECE,
Rouz'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid Peace—† Peace, that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd ARTAXERXES on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's suny shore,

* So the Kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

† The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia to the dominion of the King of Persia.

Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw,
Reſpiring * Athens rear again her walls;
And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
To cruſh this rival city to the duſt.
For now no more the noble ſocial ſoul
Of LIBERTY *my Famlies* combin'd;
But by ſhort views, and ſelfiſh paſſions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mixed ſevere, and waged eternal war:
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted force;
Nor, with falſe glory, diſcord, madneſs blind,
Saw how the black'ning ſtorm from Thracia came.
† Long years roll'd on, by many a battle ſtain'd,
The bluſh and boaſt of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory ſhone ſupreme:
But let deteſting ages, from the ſcene
Of GREECE ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening eye.
At laſt, when bleeding from a thouſand wounds,
She felt her ſpirits fail; and in the duſt
Her lateſt heroes, NICIAS, CONON, lay,
AGESILAUS, and the ‡ THEBAN FRIENDS;
The Macedonian vultur mark'd his time,
By the dire ſcent of ‖ Cheronaea lur'd,
And fierce-deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs prey.
Thus tame ſubmitted to the victor's yoke
GREECE, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every grace, and muſe, and ſcience born;

* Athens had been diſmantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the firſt Peleponneſian war, and was at this time reſtored by CONON to its former ſplendor.

† The Peleponneſian war.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

‖ The battle of Cheronaea, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

With arts of War, of Government, elate;
To *Tyrants* dreadful, dreadful to the *Beſt*;
Whom I MYSELF could ſcarcely rule: and thus
The Perſian fetters, that enthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
Unleſs CORRUPTION firſt deject the pride
And guardian vigor of the free-born ſoul,
All crude attempts of *Violence* are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by *Force* was *Freedom* overcome.
But ſoon as INDEPENDENCE ſtoops the head,
To *Vice* enſlav'd, *and Vice-created Wants*;
Then to ſome *foul corrupting Hand*, whoſe waſte
Theſe heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds:
From man to man the ſlackening ruin runs,
Till the whole State, unnerv'd, in SLAVERY ſinks.

ROME:

Being the THIRD PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART III.

AS this Part *contains a deſcription of the eſtabliſhment of* LIBERTY *in* ROME, *it begins with a view of the* Grecian *colonies ſettled in the ſouthern parts of* Italy, *which with* Sicily *conſtituted the* Great Greece *of the Ancients. With theſe colonies the* Spirit *of* LIBERTY, *and of* Republics, *ſpread over* Italy; *to* Ver. 32. *Tranſition to* PYTHAGORAS *and his philoſophy, which he taught thro' theſe free ſtates and cities; to* Ver. 71. *Amidſt the many ſmall* Republics *in* Italy, ROME *the deſtined ſeat of* LIBERTY. *Her eſtabliſhment there dated from the expulſion of the* Tarquins. *How differing from that in* GREECE; *to* Ver. 88. *Reference to a view of the* ROMAN REPUBLIC *given in the* Firſt Part *of this* Poem: *to mark its* Riſe *and* Fall, *the peculiar purport of* This. *During its firſt ages, the greateſt force of* LIBERTY, *and* Virtue, *exerted; to* Ver. 103. *The ſource whence derived the* Heroic Virtues *of the* ROMANS. *Enumeration of theſe* Virtues. *Thence their ſecurity at home; their glory, ſucceſs, and empire, abroad; to* Ver. 226. *Bounds of the* Roman *empire geographically deſcribed; to* Ver. 257. *The ſtates of* GREECE *reſtored to* LIBERTY, *by* TITUS QUINTUS FLAMINIUS, *the higheſt inſtance of public generoſity and beneficence; to* Ver. 328. *The loſs of* LIBERTY, *in* ROME. *Its cauſes, progreſs and completion in the death of* BRUTUS; *to* Ver. 485. *Rome under the emperors; to* Ver. 513. *From* ROME *the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY *goes among the* NORTHERN NATIONS; *where, by infuſing into them her* Spirit *and general principles,* She *lays the ground-work of her future eſtabliſhments; ſends them in vengeance on the* Roman *empire now totally enſlaved; and then, with* Arts *and* Sciences *in her train, quits earth during the* dark ages; *to* Ver. 550. *The celeſtial regions, to which* LIBERTY *retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.*

LIBERTY.

PART III.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted ſtill whate'er the GODDESS ſung.
Then I, impatient.—"From extinguiſhed GREECE,
"To what new region ſtreamed the Human Day?"
She, ſoftly ſighing, as when Zephir leaves,
Reſigned to Boreas the declining year,
Reſumed.—Indignant theſe † laſt ſcenes I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All LATIUM ſtood arouſed. Ages before,
Great mother of republics! GREECE had poured,
Swarm after ſwarm, her ardent youth around.
On Aſia, Afric, Sicily, they ſtoop'd,
But chief on fair HESPERIA's winding ſhore;
Where, from * Lacinium to Etrurian vales,
They rolled encreaſing colonies along,
And lent materials for my ROMAN REIGN.
With them *my ſpirit* ſpread; and numerous ſtates
And cities roſe, on Grecian models formed;
As its parental policy, and arts,
Each had imbibed. Beſides, to each aſſigned
A Guardian Genius, o'er the public weal,
Kept an uncloſing eye; tried to ſuſtain,
Or more ſublime, the ſoul infuſed by ME;

† The laſt ſtruggles of Liberty in Greece.
* A promontory in Calabria.

And ſtrong the battle roſe, with various wave,
Againſt the Tyrant Demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almoſt all below the proud regard
Of ſtory vowed to ROME, on deeds intent
That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.
Not ſo the † SAMIAN SAGE; to him belongs
The brighteſt witneſs of recording Fame.
For theſe free ſtates his native § iſle forſook,
And a vain tyrant's tranſitory ſmile,
He ſought Crotona's pure ſalubrious air,
And thro' ‡ Great Greece his gentle wiſdom taught;
Wiſdom that called for || liſtening years the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the ſtorm of zeal.
His mental eye firſt launched into the deeps
Of boundleſs aether; where unnumbered orbs,
Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathleſs ſky
Unerring roll, and wind their ſteady way.
There he the full conſenting choir beheld;
There firſt diſcerned the ſecret band of love,
The kind attraction that to central ſuns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Inſtructed thence, he great ideas formed
Of the whole-moving, all-informing GOD,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfined
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power:
Whom naught can image, and who beſt approves
The ſilent worſhip of the moral heart
That joys in bounteous heaven, and ſpreads the joy.
Nor ſcorned the ſoaring ſage to ſtoop to life,

† Pythagoras.

§ Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

‡ The ſouthern parts of Italy and Sicily, ſo called becauſe of the Grecian colonies there ſettled.

|| His ſcholars were enjoined ſilence for five years.

And bound his reason to the sphere of Man.
He gave the four yet * reigning virtues name;
Inspired the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devised
Where with enlightened justice mercy mixed.
He even, into his tender system, took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to Man, and Man to brute again,
For ever shifting runs the eternal round;
Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling Form, but rising Whole.
Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty ROME,
Fated for ME. A nobler spirit warmed
Her sons; and, roused by tyrants, nobler still
It burned in BRUTUS; the proud Tarquins chased,
With all their crimes; bade radiant aeras rise,
And the long honours of the Consul-line.
Here from the fairer, not the greater plan
Of GREECE I varyed; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierced,
Long waged alone the bloodless war of arts,
And their best empire gained. But to diffuse
O'er *Men* an empire was my purpose now;
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one State to draw
The whole mixed Force, and *Liberty* on earth;
To conquer Tyrants, and set Nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,

* The four cardinal virtues.

A broken view of this my ampleſt reign.
Now, while its firſt, laſt periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it labouring roſe, and rapid fell.
When ROME in noon-tide empire graſped the world
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs legions ſhone,
The Nations ſtooped around; tho' then appeared
Her grandeur moſt, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people preſſed,
Then was the toil, the mighty ſtruggle then;
Then for each Roman I an Hero told;
And every paſſing ſun, and Latian ſcene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or ſurpaſs the faith of modern times,
Or, if believed, with ſacred horror ſtrike.
For then, to prove my moſt exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection puſhed,
To fondneſs and enthuſiaſtic zeal,
The great, the reigning paſſion of the Free;
That godlike paſſion! which the bounds of Self
Divinely burſting, the whole public takes
Into the heart enlarged, and burning high
With the mixed ardor of unnumbered Selves;
Of all who ſafe beneath the Voted Laws
Of the ſame parent ſtate, fraternal, live.
From this kind Sun of Moral Nature flowed
Virtues, that ſhine the light of human kind,
And, rayed thro' ſtory, warm remoteſt time.
Theſe Virtues too, reflected to their ſource,
Encreaſed its flame. The ſocial charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive ſtill,
As more by virtue marked; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.
Hence when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard;
And in their hearts the father's throbb'd no more:

Stern to themſelves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence ſweetened Pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience, that baffled Fortune's utmoſt rage;
High-minded Hope, which at the loweſt ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The braveſt impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd deſpair.
Hence Moderation a new conqueſt gain'd;
As on the vanquiſh'd, like deſcending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns beſtow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no ſeaſon pierce.
Hence INDEPENDENCE, with his Little pleas'd
Serene, and ſelf-ſufficient, like a god;
In whom CORRUPTION could not lodge one charm,
While he his honeſt Roots to Gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The Man maintain'd, the Roman ſplendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough ſwain, to guide the plough;
Or elſe, the purple o'er his ſhoulder thrown,
In long majeſtic flow, to rule the ſtate,
With Wiſdom's pureſt eye; or, clad in ſteel,
To drive the ſteady battle on the foe.
Hence every paſſion, even the proudeſt, ſtoop'd
To common good: CAMILLUS, thy revenge;
Thy glory, FABIUS. All ſubmiſſive hence,
Conſuls, Dictators, ſtill reſign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Tho' Conqueſt o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her ſnowy ſteeds
To the triumphal car: ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt hour of ſway, taught to ſubmit,
(A harder leſſon that than to command)
Into the private Roman ſunk the Chief.
While ROME was ſerv'd, and glorious, careleſs they

By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in a rival's train
Sung the loud Io's by themſelves deſerv'd.
Hence matchleſs courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the FABII; hence the DECII dy'd;
And CURTIUS plung'd into the flaming gulph.
Hence REGULUS the wav'ring fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counſel never given before:
For Roman honour ſue'd, and his own doom.
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aſide,
His little children climbing for a kiſs:
Then dumb, thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
A new illuſtrious exile! preſs'd along.
Nor leſs impatient did he pierce the crowds
Oppoſing his return, than if, eſcap'd
From long litigious ſuits, he glad forſook
The noiſy town a while and city cloud,
To breath Venafrian or Tarentine air.
Need I theſe high particulars recount?
The meaneſt boſom felt a thirſt for fame;
Flight their worſt death, and ſhame their only fear,
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
When ROME and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boaſt of theſe unequal times.
Ages revolv'd, unſully'd by a crime:
Aſtrea reign'd, and ſcarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and diſdaining to deſcend
To meanneſs, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them raged, in happy ROME
All peaceful ſmil'd, all ſave the paſſing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow;
And fair unblemiſh'd centuries elaps'd,

When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
Still between Noble and Plebeian tost,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the storms. Oft tho' the native feuds,
That from the first their constitution shook,
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatning point of civil war
Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by Self, so naked lay
And sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided state.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The soothing touch; still, in the love of ROME,
The dread Dictator found a sure resource.
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
One common quarrel wide enflam'd the whole.
Foes in the Forum in the Field were friends,
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.
Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd;
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
Of proud ITALIA blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense:
From Caledonia's dim cœrulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodged
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,

Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where firſt the ſpringing morn
Her roſes ſheds, and ſhakes around her dews:
From the dire deſarts by the Caſpian lav'd,
To where the Tygris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And bleſt Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watry north,
Parent of floods! from the majeſtic Rhine
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, ſeven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flaſhing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais ſcarcely ſtirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long * Rha,
In the black † Scythian ſea his torrent throws.
Laſt, that beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs from the deep loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Lybian ſands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waſte
A verdant iſle, with ſhade and fountain freſh;
And farther to the full Egyptian ſhore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, deſcends.
In this vaſt ſpace what various tongues, and ſtates!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and ſeas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
O'er GREECE deſcended chief, with ſtealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day:
As at her Iſthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full-aſſembled youth innumerous ſwarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd FLAMINIUS ſat;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian § tyrant to his bounds repell'd,
In the high thoughtleſs gaiety of game,

* The ancient name of the Volga. † The Caſpian ſea.
§ The King of Macedon.

While ſport alone their unambitious hearts
Poſſeſs'd; the ſudden trumpet, ſounding hoarſe,
Bade ſilence o'er the bright aſſembly reign.
Then thus a herald.—"To the ſtates of *Greece*
"The *Roman People*, unconfin'd, reſtore
"Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
"Taxes remit, and garriſons withdraw."
The croud aſtoniſh'd half, and half inform'd,
Stared dubious round; ſome queſtion'd, ſome exclaim'd
(Like one who dreaming between hope and fear,
Is loſt in anxious joy), Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, diſtinct, and loud.
Loud, and diſtinct, it was again proclaim'd;
But ſtill as midnight in the rural ſhade,
When the gale ſlumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while ſevere amuſement held them mute;
Then, burſting broad, the boundleſs ſhoot to heaven
From many a thouſand hearts extatic ſprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The ſwelling ſea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Thro' all her turrets ſtately * Corinth ſhook;
And, from the void above of ſhatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathleſs to the ground.
What piercing bliſs! how keen a ſenſe of fame,
Did then, FLAMINIUS, reach thy inmoſt ſoul?
And with what deep-felt glory didſt thou then
Eſcape the fondneſs of tranſported GREECE?
Mix'd in a tempeſt of ſuperior joy,
They left the ſports; like Bachanals they flew,
Each other ſtraining in a ſtrict embrace,
Nor ſtrain'd a ſlave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconſul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the feſtive hour;
And muſic, ſparkling wine, and converſe warm,

* The Iſthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Their raptures wak'd anew.—"Ye Gods! they cry'd,
"Ye guardian Gods of GREECE! and are we free?
"Was it not madneſs deem'd the very thought?
"And is it true? How did we purchaſe chains?
"At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
"And are they now diſſolv'd? and ſcarce one drop
"For the fair firſt of bleſſings have we paid?
"Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
"When rages wide the ſtorms of mingling war,
"Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
"To turn ſucceſs, and conqueſt, rarer ſtill:
"That the great Gods and Romans only know.
"Lives there on earth, almoſt to GREECE unknown
"A people ſo magnanimous, to quit
"Their native ſoil, traverſe the ſtormy deep,
"And by their blood and treaſure, ſpent for us,
"Redeem our ſtates, our liberties, our laws!
"There does! there does! Oh Saviour TITUS! ROME!"
Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their ſouls,
And in my laſt reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the ſhepherd on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks, and gameſome kids;
Meantime the ſun, beneath the green earth ſunk,
Slants upward o'er the ſcene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the ſwain;
To weſtern worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the ſource of light recalls his ray.
Here, interpoſing, I.—"Oh QUEEN of men!
"Beneath whoſe ſceptre in eſſential rights
"Equal they live; tho' plac'd, for common good,
"Various, or in ſubjection or command;
"And that by common choice: alas! the ſcene,
"With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
"Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus SHE purſu'd.—Near this great æra, ROME

Began to feel the ſwift approach of fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; ſtill more and more
Her deep diviſions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and deſolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her ſons
Theſe fierce contentions ſprung; and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. INDEPENDENCE fail'd;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue ſunk,
As, with the ſliding rock, the pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt attempt, too late, the GRACCHI made,
To fix the flying ſcale, and poiſe the ſtate.
On one ſide ſwell'd Ariſtocratic Pride;
With Uſury the Villain! whoſe fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baſeneſs the free ſoul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! While on the other crept
A Populace in want, with pleaſure fir'd;
Fit for proſcriptions, for the darkeſt deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconſtant, blind,
Deſerting friends at need, and dupe'd by foes;
Loud and ſeditious, when a chief inſpir'd
Their headlong fury; but, of him depriv'd,
Already ſlaves that lick'd the ſcourging hand.

This firm Republic, that againſt the blaſt
Of oppoſition roſe; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whoſe boughs
Still ſtronger ſhoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loſs, by ſlaughter, from the ſteel itſelf,
Even force and ſpirit drew; ſmit with the calm,
The dead ſerene of proſperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppoſe;
Her * terror once, on Afric's tawny ſhore,

* Carthage.

Now ſmoak'd in duſt, a ſtabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Beſides, deſtructive, from the conquer'd Eaſt,
In the ſoft plunder came that worſt of plagues,
That peſtilence of mind, a fever'd thirſt
For the falſe joys which Luxury prepares.
Unworthy joys! that waſteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No ſecret ray to glad the conſcious ſoul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers: while ſtupid Self,
Of narrow guſt, and hebetating ſenſe,
Devours the nobler faculties of bliſs.
Hence *Roman* virtue ſlacken'd into ſloth;
Security relax'd the ſoftening ſtate;
And the broad eye of government lay clos'd.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party rage'd;
And partial power, and licence unreſtrain'd,
Let diſcord through the deathful city looſe.
Firſt, mild * TIBERIUS, on thy ſacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell; the firſt, whoſe blood
Had ſince the conſuls ſtain'd contending ROME.
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
Three hundred *Romans*; with thy brother, next,
Three thouſand more: till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A ſcene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
When, half-aſham'd, CORRUPTION's thieviſh Arts,
And ruffian Force begin to ſap the mounds
And majeſty of laws; if not in time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human aid too ſtrong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

* Tiberius Gracchus.

Thus LUXURY, Diſſenſion, a mix'd Rage
Of boundleſs Pleaſure and of boundleſs Wealth,
Want wiſhing Change, and Waſte repairing War,
Rapine for ever loſt to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuſe of blood Revenge,
CORRUPTION all-avow'd, and lawleſs Force,
Each heightening each, alternate ſhook the ſtate.
Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And ſpoil of nations, in one circling blaſt
Combin'd in various ſtorm, and from its baſe
The broad REPUBLIC tore. By Virtue built
It touch'd the ſkies, and ſpread o'er ſhelter'd earth
An ample roof: by Virtue too ſuſtain'd,
And balanced ſteady, every tempeſt ſung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer ſtand.
But when, with ſudden and enormous change,
The Firſt of Mankind ſunk into the Laſt,
As once in Virtue ſo in Vice extreme,
This univerſal Fabric yielded looſe
Before Ambition ſtill, and thundering down,
At laſt, beneath its ruins cruſh'd a world.
A conquering people, to themſelves a prey,
Muſt ever fall; when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine ſavage grown, can find
No land to ſack and pillage but their own.
By brutal MARIUS, and keen SYLLA, firſt
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceaſing woes began: and this, or that,
(Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue ſpar'd,
Nor ſex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till ROME, into an human ſhambles turn'd,
Made deſarts lovely.—Oh to well-earn'd chains
Devoted race!—If no true ROMAN then,
No SCÆVOLA there was, to raiſe for ME
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd

Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No ſon, a witneſs to his hoary ſire
In duſt and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?
No wretch, that doubtful trembled for himſelf?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monſter's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deſerv'd
The ſacred ſhelter of the laws he ſpurn'd?
No. Sad o'er all profound dejection ſat,
And nerveleſs fear. The ſlave's aſylum theirs:
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to ſlaughter; or partaken guilt.
In vain from SYLLA's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power reſign'd,
And all unhop'd the commonwealth reſtor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Thro' ſtreets yet ſtreaming from his murderous hand
Unarm'd he ſtray'd, unguarded, unaſſail'd,
And on the bed of peace his aſhes laid;
A grace which I to his demiſſion gave:
But with him dy'd not the deſpotic ſoul.
Ambition ſaw that ſtooping ROME could bear
A MASTER, *nor had virtue to be free.*
Hence, for ſucceeding years, my troubled reign
No certain peace, no ſpreading proſpect knew.
Deſtruction gather'd round. Still the black ſoul,
Or of a CATALINE or * RULLUS, ſwell'd
With fell deſigns: and all the watchful art
Of CICERO demanded, all the force,
All the ſtate-wielding magic of his tongue;
And all the thunder of my CATO's zeal.

* Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, propoſed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but deſtructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his ſpeech againſt Rullus.

With theſe I linger'd; till the flame anew
Burſt out in blaze immenſe, and wrapt the world.
The ſhameful conteſt ſprung; to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to POMPEY, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler CÆSAR, on whoſe brow
O'er daring vice deluding virtue ſmil'd,
And who no leſs a vain ſuperior ſcorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors roſe.
The venal WILL *be bought, the baſe have lords.*
To theſe vile wars I left ambitious ſlaves;
And from Philippi's field, from where in duſt
The laſt of Romans, matchleſs BRUTUS! lay,
Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.
What tho' the firſt ſmooth CÆSARS arts careſs'd,
Merit, and virtue, ſimulating ME?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clinch, and make it ſofter ſit
On the new-broken ſtill ferocious ſtate.
From the dark * *Third*, ſucceeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monſters all.—A race on earth
Vindictive ſent, the ſcourge of human-kind!
Whoſe blind profuſion drain'd a bankrupt world;
Whoſe luſt to forming Nature ſeems diſgrace;
And whoſe infernal rage bade every drop
Of antient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
To that of † PÆTUS in the peaceful bath,
Or ROME's affrighted ſtreets, inglorious flow.
But almoſt juſt the meanly-patient death,

* Tiberius.

† Thraſea Paetus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—"After "having inhumanly ſlaughtered ſo many illuſtrious men, "he (Nero) burned at laſt with a deſire of cutting off "virtue itſelf in the perſon of Thraſea," &c.

That waits a tyrant's unpreventing ſtroke.
TITUS indeed gave one ſhort evening gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midſt it ſpread
Of ſtorm, and horror. The delight of men!
He, who the day when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded loſt:
TRAJAN and HE, with the MILD ‡ SIRE, and SON,
His ſon of virtue! eas'd a while mankind;
And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their laſt effort: what Sculpture rais'd
To TRAJAN's glory, following triumphs ſtole;
And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chiſſel's ſhame),
On that triumphal † arch, the forms of GREECE.

Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hæmus, I purſu'd my flight;
And, piercing fartheſt Scythia, weſtward ſwept
* Sarmatia, travers'd by a thouſand ſtreams.
A ſullen land of lakes, and fens immenſe,
Of rocks, reſounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deſarts black with ſounding pine;
Where Nature frowns: tho' ſometimes into ſmiles
She ſoftens; and immediate, at the touch
Of ſouthern gales, throws from the ſudden glebe
Luxuriant paſture, and a waſte of flowers.
But cold-compreſt, when the whole loaded heaven
Deſcends in ſnow, loſt in one white abrupt
Lyes undiſtinguiſh'd earth; and, ſeiz'd by froſt,
Lakes, headlong ſtreams, and floods, and oceans ſleep.
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there

‡ Antoninus Pius, and his adopted ſon Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philoſophus.

† Conſtantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was deſtroyed, Sculpture having been then almoſt entirely loſt.

* The ancient Sarmatia contained a vaſt tract of country, running all along the north of Europe and Aſia.

Deep dig their dens beneath the ſheltering ſnows;
And there a race of men prolific ſwarms,
To various pain, to little pleaſure us'd;
On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds;
Hard like their ſoil, and like their climate fierce;
The nurſery of nations!—Theſe I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
Till from almoſt perpetual night they broke,
As if in ſearch of day; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only ſlave-ſuſtain'd,
Reſiſtleſs rage'd, in vengeance urg'd by ME.
Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd ſeeds
Of Freedom lay, for many a wintry age;
And tho' my ſpirit work'd by ſlow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceneſs yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of riſing Winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, *Arts* and each *good Genius* in my train,
I cut the cloſing gloom, and ſoar'd to Heaven.
In the bright regions there of pureſt day,
Far other ſcenes, and palaces ariſe,
Adorn'd profuſe with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would like a roſe before the mid-day ſun,
Shrink up its bloſſom, like a bubble break
The paſſing poor magnificence of kings.
For there the KING OF NATURE, in full blaze,
Calls every ſplendor forth; and there his court
Amid ætherial powers, and virtues, holds,
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But ſacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals; wraps a view

Too ſoftening fair, for thoſe that here in duſt
Muſt chearful toil out their appointed years.
A ſenſe of higher life would only damp
The ſchool-boy's taſk, and ſpoil his playful hours:
Nor could the child of reaſon, feeble man,
With vigor thro' this infant being drudge;
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliſs
Diſcloſing, dazzle and diſſolve his mind.

BRITAIN:

Being the FOURTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART IV.

DIFFERENCE betwixt the Ancients *and* Moderns *ſlightly touched upon; to* Ver. 30. *Deſcription of the dark ages. The* Goddeſs *of* LIBERTY, *who, during theſe is ſuppoſed to have left earth, returns, attended with* ARTS *and* SCIENCE; *to* Ver. 100. *She firſt deſcends on* Italy. Sculpture, Painting, *and* Architecture, *fix at* Rome, *to revive their ſeveral arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous inwaſions had not been able to deſtroy. The revival of theſe arts marked out. That ſometimes arts may flouriſh for a while under deſpotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them; to* Ver. 254. Learning *begins to dawn. The* Muſe *and* Science *attend* LIBERTY, *who, in her progreſs towards* GREAT BRITAIN, *raiſes ſeveral free ſtates and cities. Theſe enumerated; to* Ver. 381. *Author's exclamation of joy, upon ſeeing the* Britiſh *ſeas and coaſts riſe in the* Viſion, *which painted whatever the* Goddeſs *of* LIBERTY *ſaid. She reſumes her narration. The* Genius of the Deep *appears, and addreſſing* LIBERTY, *aſſociates* GREAT BRITAIN *into his dominion; to* Ver. 451. LIBERTY *received and congratulated by* BRITANNIA, *and the* Native Genii *or* Virtues *of the iſland. Theſe deſcribed. Animated by the preſence of* LIBERTY, *they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contraſted with the works and deluſions of oppoſing* Demons, *to* Ver. 626 *Concludes with an abſtract of the* Engliſh *hiſtory, marking the ſeveral advances of* LIBERTY, *down to her compleat eſtabliſhment at the* Revolution.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amazed.
"Ah, GODDESS, what a change! Is earth the same;
"Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds;
"And does the same fair sun and aether spread,
"Round this vile spot, their all-enlivening soul?
"Lo! beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
"Of little pomp, magnificence no more
"Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:
"while to rapacious interest Glory leaves
"Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."
To this the POWER, whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an ordered world.
"Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
"Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
"True, Genius droops; the tender antient taste
"Of Beauty, then fresh blooming in her prime,
"But faintly trembles thro' the callous soul:
"And grandeur or of morals, or of life,
"Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.
"Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,
"And aged life to deem the generous deeds
"Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
"Well-reasoned, in researches piercing deep
"Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
"And all that calm Experience can disclose,
"(Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew

" Exalted riſe, with other honours crowned;
" And, where My SPIRIT wakes the finer powers,
" Athenian laurals ſtill afreſh ſhall bloom."
Oblivious ages paſs'd; while earth, forſook
By her beſt *Genii*, lay to *Demons* foul,
And unchained *Furies*, an abandoned prey.
Contention led the van; firſt ſmall of ſize,
But ſoon dilating, to the ſkies ſhe towers;
Then, wide as air the livid *Fury* ſpread,
And high her head above the ſtormy clouds,
She blazed in omens, ſwelled the groaning winds
With wild ſurmizes, battlings, ſounds of war:
From land to land the madening trumpet blew,
And poured her venom thro' the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the North obeyed her call.
Forth ruſhed the bloody *Power of Gothic war*,
War againſt human-kind; *Rapine*, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train:
Unliſtening, barbarous *Force*, to whom the ſword
Is reaſon, honour, law: the *Foe of Arts*
By monſters followed, hideous to behold,
That claimed their place. Outragious mixed with [theſe
Another ſpecies of * tyrannic rule,
Unknown before, whoſe cancrous ſhakles ſeized
Th' envenomed ſoul; a wilder *Fury*, *She*
Even o'er her † *Elder Siſter* tyranized;
Or, if perchance agree'd, inflamed her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud; the *Sable Band*,
Thundering,—" Submit, ye Laity! Ye prophane!
" Earth is the LORD's, and therefore OURS; let [kings
" Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
" If not, behold! the ſacred lightning flies:"
SCHOLASTIC DISCORD, with an hundred tongues,

* Church power, or eccleſiaſtical tyranny.
† Civil tyranny.

For ſcience uttering jangling words obſcure,
Where frighted reaſon never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature CLERIC PRIDE,
Whoſe reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And *Holy Slander*, his aſſociate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit ſtill deſcends:
Mother of tortures! *Perſecuting zeal*,
High-flaſhing in her hand the ready torch,
Or ponyard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fierceſt fiend! of ſaintly brow demure,
Aſſuming a celeſtial ſeraph's name,
While ſhe beneath the blaſphemous pretence
Of pleaſing *Parent Heaven*, the Source of Love!
Has wrought more horrors, more deteſted deeds,
Than all the reſt combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell deſigns,
Came idiot *Superſtition*; round with ears
Innumerous ſtrow'd, ten thouſand monkiſh forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or ſcare the ſimple into ſlaves,
And poiſon reaſon; groſs, She ſwallows all,
The moſt abſurd believing ever moſt.
Broad o'er the whole her univerſal night,
The gloom ſtill doubling, *Ignorance* diffus'd.
Nought to be ſeen but viſionary monks
To councils ſtrolling, and embroiling creeds;
* Banditti Saints, diſturbing diſtant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the ſacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues againſt mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
† Pure plain devotion to a ſolemn farce;
To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,

* Cruſades.
† The corruptions of the church of Rome.

To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the † Rage of ſlaves,
Proud of their ſtate, and fighting for their chains;
Diſhonour'd Courage to the ‡ Bravo's trade,
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd, to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reaſon totter'd on her throne.
At laſt *Heaven*'s beſt inexplicable ſcheme,
Diſcloſing, bade new brightening æras ſmile.
The high command gone forth, *Arts* in my train,
And azure-mantled *Science*, ſwift *We* ſpread
A ſounding pinion. Eager pity, mix'd
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium firſt we ſtoop'd for doubtful life
That panted, ſunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance haſt thou drain'd? Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form haſt thou beheld?
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend?
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother's, huſband's, father's blood,
Haſt thou thy matrons and thy virgins ſeen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death?
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into ſtony wilds;
And ſuccourleſs, and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to nature's common caſt?
Added to theſe, the ſtill continued waſte
Of inbred foes *, that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, ſeize the very ſoul.

† Vaſſalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

‡ Duelling.

* The Hierarchy.

Where hadſt thou treaſures for this rapine all?
Theſe hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd ſack on ſack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of art; whence this grey ſcene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome united glow.
Here SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE,
From ancient models to reſtore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they roſe.
Amid the hoary ruins ſculpture firſt,
Deep digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy ſparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As ſhe the pleaſing reſurrection ſaw.
In leaning ſite, reſpiring from his toils,
The well-known hero †, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample cheſt, all tempeſted with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She ſaw the head,
Breathing the hero, ſmall, of Grecian ſize,
Scarce more extenſive than the ſinewy neck;
The ſpreading ſhoulders, muſcular and broad;
The whole a maſs of ſwelling ſinews, touch'd
Into harmonious ſhape; ſhe ſaw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and thro' the finiſh'd whole
Shows what ideas ſmil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aſpect, ruſh'd impetuous forth
The gladiator ‡. Pityleſs his look,
And each keen ſinew brac'd, the ſtorm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other * from the gloom ſhe drew.

† The Hercules of Farneſe.
‡ The fighting Gladiator.
* The dying Gladiator.

Supported on his ſhortened arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate
Heavy, declines his head; yet dark beneath
The ſuffering feature ſullen vengeance lowrs,
Shame, indignation, unaccompliſh'd rage,
And ſtill the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conqueſt-fluſh'd, from proſtrate Python came
The quivered god †. In graceful act he ſtands,
His arm extended with the ſlackened bow.
Light flows his eaſy robe, and fair diſplays
A manly-ſoftened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardleſs cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardor warms;
And ſweet ſubſiding to a native ſmile,
Mixt with the joy elating conqueſt gives,
A ſcatter'd frown exalts his matchleſs air.
On Flora mov'd; her full proportion'd limbs
Riſe thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love ‡ aroſe, as from the deep
She ſprung in all the melting pomp of charms,
Baſhful ſhe bends, her well-taught look aſide
Turns in enchanting guiſe, where dubious mix
Vain conſcious beauty, a diſſembled ſenſe
Of modeſt ſhame, and ſlippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamoured, and the ſtone,
As if exulting in its conqueſt, ſmiles.
So turned each limb, ſo ſwelled with ſoftning art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At laſt her utmoſt maſterpiece ſhe found *,
That Maro † fir'd, the miſerable ſire,

† The Apollo of Belvidere.

‡ The Venus of Medici.

* The groupe of Laocoon and his two ſons, deſtroyed by two ſerpents.

† See Æneid II. Ver. 199.—227.

Wrapt with his ſons in Fate's ſevereſt graſp.
The ſerpents, twiſting round, their ſtringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such paſſion here,
Such agonies, ſuch bitterneſs of pain,
Seem ſo to tremble thro' the tortur'd ſtone,
That the touch'd heart engroſſes all the view.
Almoſt unmark'd the beſt proportions paſs,
That ever Greece beheld; and, ſeen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious paſſions ſeize:
The father's double pangs, both for himſelf
And ſons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
His fell deſpair with indignation mixt,
As the ſtrong-curling monſters from his ſide
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his ſons
All the ſoft rage of younger paſſions ſhow.
In a boy's helpleſs fate one ſinks oppreſs'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to ſteal out of the horrid twine.
She bore no more, but ſtrait from Gothic ruſt
Her chiſel clear'd, and duſt and fragments drove ‡
Impetuous round. Succeſſive as it went
From ſon to ſon, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till in a legiſlator's awful grace
Dreſt, Buonaroti bid a Moſes * riſe,
And, looking love immenſe, a SAVIOUR-GOD *.
Of theſe obſervant, PAINTING felt the fire
Burn inward. Then extatic ſhe diffus'd

‡ It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the moſt celebrated maſter in modern ſculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inſpiration, or enthuſiaſtical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

* Eſteemed the two fineſt pieces of modern ſculpture.

The canvaſs, ſeiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanſe
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldeſt race,
Barren and dry; juſt ſtruggling from the taſte
That had for ages ſcar'd, in cloyſters dim,
The ſuperſtitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe caſt.
Arts gradual gather ſtreams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The GODDESS dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like happineſs to tempt
Th' eternal chace. In elegant deſign
Improving nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expreſſion, airs divine;
Her ſons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To thoſe of Venice ſhe the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing maſs
Of light and ſhade, that ſettles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raiſe the picture and repoſe the ſight.
The Lombard ſchool † ſucceeding, mingled both.
Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
Rear'd the magnific front. MUSIC again
Her univerſal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert ſpread, and ſolemn quire.
Even bigots ſmil'd; to their protection took

† The ſchool of the Caracci.

Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden theſe a while
May bloom, tho' freedom be their parent ſoil.
And now confeſs'd, with gently growing gleam
The morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artleſs her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling thro' the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern courſe
She, with her tutor Science, in My train,
Ardent purſu'd, her ſtrains more noble grew;
While Reaſon drew the plan, the heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
Rome and her circling deſarts caſt behind,
I paſs'd not idle to my great ſojourn.
On Arno's * fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliſs,
I ſmall republics rais'd †. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Inſtead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and ſav'd their fate.
Beyond the rugged Appenines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public bleſſings ſtrow'd:
Free ſtates and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In ſpite of culture, negligent and groſs,
From her deep boſom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden ſpreads.

* The river Arno runs through Florence.

† The republics of Florence, Piſa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably ſubject to the great Duke of Tuſcany, except it be Lucca, which ſtill maintains the form of a republic.

The barren rocks themſelves beneath MY FOOT,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian ſhore.
Thick-ſwarming people there *, like emmets, ſeiz'd,
Amid ſurrounding cliffs, the ſcatter'd ſpots
Which Nature left in her deſtroying rage †,
Made their own fields, nor ſigh'd for other lands.
There, in white proſpect, from the rocky hill
Gradual deſcending to the ſhelter'd ſhore,
By ME proud Genoa's marble turrets roſe:
And while MY genuine ſpirit warm'd her ſons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, ſhe
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow ſeas,
Ere BRITAIN yet had open'd all the main.
Nor be the then triumphant ſtate forgot ‡;
Where, puſh'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant ſtill §
Inſpir'd by ME, thro' the dark ages kept
Of MY old Roman flame ſome ſparks alive:
The ſeeming god-built city! which MY hand
Deep in the boſom fix'd of wondering ſeas.
Aſtoniſh'd mortals fail'd, with pleaſing awe,
Around the ſea-girt walls by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny ſtreet; where on each hand,
Amazing ſeen amid unſtable waves,
The ſplendid palace ſhines; and riſing tides,

* The Genoeſe territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the moſt part ly hid among the Appenine rocks and mountains.

† According to Dr Burnet's ſyſtem of the deluge.

‡ Venice was the moſt flouriſhing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the paſſage to the Eaſt Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and America, were diſcovered.

§ Thoſe who fled to ſome marſhes in the Adriatic gulf, from the deſolation ſpread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, firſt founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

The green ſteps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's ſtormy gulph,
The mart of nations! long, obedient ſeas
Roll'd all the treaſure of the radiant Eaſt.
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worſe
(Whoſe ſhar'd oppreſſion lightens, as diffus'd)
Each ſubject tearing, many tyrants roſe,
The leaſt the proudeſt. Join'd in dark cabal,
They, jealous, watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
Caſt o'er the whole indiſſoluble chains:
The ſofter ſhackles of luxurious eaſe
They likewiſe added, to ſecure their ſway.
Thus Venice fainter ſhines; and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping ſail.
Burſting, beſides, his ancient bounds, he took
A * larger circle; found another † ſeat,
Opening a thouſand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can diſmay, far other ſons.
The mountains then, clad with eternal ſnow,
Confeſs'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown inſuperable round,
I planted there a ‡ League of friendly ſtates,
And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
There in the Vale, where rural Plenty fills
From lakes and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
‖ Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be ſeen! unguilty cities riſe,
Cities of brothers form'd: while equal Life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,

* The main Ocean.
† Great Britain.
‡ The Swiſs Cantons.
‖ Geneva, ſituated on the Lacus Lemanus, a ſmall ſtate, but noble example of the bleſſings of civil and religious liberty.

Maintain them free; and, in their happy ſtreets,
Nor cruel deed, nor miſery, is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to ſmile,
And preſs their culture on retiring ſnows;
But to firm order train'd, and patient war,
They likewiſe know, beyond the nerve remiſs
Of Mercenary force, how to defend
The taſteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
Even, chear'd by ME, their ſhaggy mountains charm
More than or Gallic or Italian plains:
And ſickening Fancy oft, when abſent long,
† Pines to behold their Alpine views again;
The hollow-winding ſtream; the vale, fair-ſpread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills;
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the ſullen tempeſt ſprings:
From ſteep to ſteep aſcending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic ſhapes
The flitting cloud, againſt the ſummit daſh'd:
And, by the ſun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy ſhower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain-aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding pine:
The ſnow-fed torrent, in white mazes toſt,
Down to the clear æthereal lake below;
And, high o'er-topping all, the broken ſcene,
The mountain fading into ſky; where ſhines
On winter winter ſhivering, and whoſe top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the ſnows.
From theſe deſcending, as I wav'd MY courſe
O'er vaſt Germania, the ferocious nurſe

† The Swiſs, after having been long abſent from their native country, are ſeized with ſuch a violent deſire of ſeeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languiſhing indiſpoſition, called the Swiſs ſickneſs.

Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave ſome favour'd * cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and thro' their ſwarming ſtreets,
More buſy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented face, to look MY ſoul.
Thence the loud Baltic paſſing, black with ſtorm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmoſt bound;
There I the manly † race, the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a ſtate
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by froſt,
Tempeſt and toil their nerves, the ſons of thoſe
‡ Whoſe only terror was a bloodleſs death,
They wiſe and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain my cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the ſouth,
The whiſpering zephyrs ſigh'd at my delay.
Here, with the ſhifted Viſion, burſt my joy.
" O the dear proſpect! O majeſtic view!
" See BRITAIN's empire! Lo! the watery vaſt
" Wide-waves, diffuſing the cœrulean plain.
" And now, methinks, like clouds at diſtance ſeen,
" Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn
" My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
" Ineffable, a ſecret ſweetneſs breathes.
" GODDESS, forgive!—My heart, ſurpris'd, o'erflows,
" With filial fondneſs for the land you bleſs."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the *celeſtial brightneſs* ſmil'd;
Then thus—As o'er the wave-reſounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy Iſle, I ſteer'd
With eaſy wing; behold! from ſurge to ſurge,
Stalk'd the tremendous *Genius of the Deep*.

* The Hans Towns.
† The Swedes.
‡ See note on verſe 678.

Around him clouds, in mingled tempeſt, hung;
Thick-flaſhing meteors crown'd his ſtarry head;
And ready thunder reddened in his hand,
Or fromit ſtream'd compreſs'd the gloomy cloud:
Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious flood, and ſhook
From ſhore to ſhore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To ME his voice
(Like that hoarſe blaſt that round the cavern howls,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the falling main)
Addreſs'd began—" By Fate commiſſion'd, go,
" My *Siſter-Goddeſs* now, to yon bleſt Iſle,
" Henceforth the Partner of my rough domain.
" All my dread walks to BRITONS open ly.
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy morn,
" Or yellow evening, flame; thoſe that, profuſe
" Drunk by equator-ſuns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the poles approaching, riſe
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
" Even, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
" The vaſt Pacific; that on other worlds,
" Their future conqueſt, rolls reſounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
" Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæſars brav'd.
" Still, in the crook of ſhore, the coward ſail
" Till now low-crept; and peddling Commerce ply'd
" Between near-joining lands. For BRITONS, chief,
" It was reſerv'd, with ſtar-directed prow,
" To dare the middle deep, and drive aſſur'd
" To diſtant nations thro' the pathleſs main.
" Chief, for their fearleſs hearts the glory waits,
" Long months from land, while the black ſtormy night
" Around them rages, on the groaning maſt
" With unſhook knee to know their giddy way;
" To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing wave;
" To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,

" By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,
" The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,
" Each conquer'd ocean ſtaining with their blood,
" Inſtead of treaſure robb'd by ruffian war,
" Round ſocial earth to circle fair exchange,
" And bind the nations in a golden chain.
" To theſe I honoured ſtoop. Ruſhing to light
" A race of men behold! whoſe daring deeds
" Will in renown exalt my nameleſs plains
" O'er thoſe of fabling earth, as her's to mine
" In terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage heart
" Such glories check, their unſubmitting ſoul
" Would all my glory brave, my tempeſt climb,
" And might in ſpight of me my kingdom force."
Here, waiting no reply, the ſhadowy Power
Eas'd the dark ſky, and to the deeps returned:
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent Gallia's ſhore.
Of this encounter glad, My way to land
I quick purſu'd, that from the ſmiling ſea
Receiv'd ME joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And muſic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd aſtoniſhment the lab'ring hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd furrow left,
And let the liſtening ſteer forget his toil.
Unſeen by groſſer eye, BRITANNIA breath'd,
And her aerial train, theſe ſounds of joy.
For of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing flood,
Urg'd by Almighty power this favour'd iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the continent aſide,
Indented ſhore to ſhore reſponſive ſtill,
Its Guardian SHE—The Goddeſs, whoſe ſtaid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her treſſes, like a flood of ſoftened light
Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek ſits Beauty's brighteſt roſe.

Of high demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding grace
With every motion. Full her riſing cheſt;
And new ideas, from her finiſh'd ſhape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking might improve her art.
Such the fair Guardian of an iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as vernal blooms, the faireſt dames.
High-ſhining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting ME, ſhe ſtood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mix'd Spirit burning in her ſous,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the ſtate.
The *Native Genii*, round her, radiant ſmil'd.
Courage, of ſoft deportment, aſpect calm,
Unboaſtful, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting child;
But, on juſt reaſon, once his fury rous'd,
No lion ſprings more eager to his prey;
Blood is a paſtime; and his heart, elate
Knows no depreſſing fear. *That Virtue* known
By the relenting look, whoſe equal heart
For others feels, as for another ſelf:
Of various names, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind ſenſe within:
Whether the blameleſs poor, the nobly maim'd,
The loſt to reaſon, the declin'd in life,
The helpleſs young that kiſs no mother's hand,
And the grey ſecond infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A ſight to gladden HEAVEN! whether She ſtands
Fair-beck'ning at the hoſpitable gate,
And bids the ſtranger take repoſe and joy:
Whether, to ſolace honeſt labour, She
Rejoices thoſe that make the land rejoice:
Or whether to Philoſophy, and Arts,
(At once the baſis and the finiſh'd pride
Of government and life) She ſpreads her hand;
Nor knows her gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,

Doubling her bounty, that She gives at all.
Juſtice to theſe her awful preſence join'd,
The mother of the ſtate! No low revenge,
No turbid paſſions in her breaſt ferment;
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of vice,
As the laſt woe that can afflict mankind,
She puniſhment awards; yet of the good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her juſt decree,
That, in his judging Peers, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this juſtice of the Free!
'Mid the bright group *Sincerity* his front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The *Thoughtful Power*, apart,
Now, penſive, caſt on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the ſky.
The Genius He whence Britain ſhines ſupreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of fancy feeds intenſe,
With all the train of paſſions thence deriv'd:
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound.
Near him *Retirement*, pointing to the ſhade,
And *Independence* ſtood: the generous Pair
That ſimple life, the quiet-whiſpering grove,
And the ſtill raptures of the free-born ſoul,
To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the ſervile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of Slaves.
Or ſhould the latter, to the public ſcene
Demanded, quit his ſilvan friend a while;
Nought can his firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His zeal, ſtill active for the common weal;
Nor ſtormy Tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul miniſters, dark working by the force

Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame.
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the *Bashful Virtue* hover'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough *Labour* clos'd the train: and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly *Indignation*. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
Even in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land!
Nor be RELIGION, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence; whose enraptur'd eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine: who not from servile fear,
By Rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
The GOD OF LOVE adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then most grateful, when HEAVEN's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-chearful Power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
O'er ALBION was to rise. Each chearing each,
And, like the circling planets from the sun,

All borrowing beams from ME, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleaſures rather. Long the pungent time
Paſs'd not in mutual hails; but thro' the land
Darting our light, we ſhone the fogs away.
The Virtues conquer with a ſingle look.
Such grace, ſuch beauty, ſuch victorious light,
Live in their preſence, ſtream in every glance,
That the ſoul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure etherial flame.
Hence the foul DEMONS, that oppoſe our reign,
Would ſtill from us deluded mortals wrap;
Or in groſs ſhades they drown the viſual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falſehood and truth confounded, foil the ſenſe
With vain refracted images of bliſs.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the duſky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkneſs pile, and with their thickeſt ſhade
Secure the throne. No ſavage *Alp*, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monſtrous things obſcene,
That vex the ſwain and waſte the country round,
Protected lyes beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we ſometimes ſend a ſearching ray.
As, at the ſacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; ſo, pierc'd ſevere,
Before our potent blaze theſe DEMONS fly,
And all their works diſſolve——The whiſper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whoſe wily conſcious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the duſt,
But, when it ſafely dares, as prompt to ſting:
Smooth crocodile Deſtruction, whoſe fell tears
Enſnare. The Janus face of courtly Pride;
One to ſuperiors heaves ſubmiſſive eyes,
On hapleſs worth the other ſcouls diſdain.

Cheeks that for ſome weak tenderneſs, alone,
Some virtuous ſlip, can wear a bluſh. The Laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls diſcloſe the heart,
At ſtarving Virtue, and at Virtue's Fools.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith;
Nay more, the Godleſs Oath, that knows no ties.
Soft-buzzing Slander; ſilky moths, that eat
An honeſt name. The harpy hand, and maw,
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
The throne his ſhelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his ſervice, who betrays his king.
Now turn your view, and mark from * Celtic night
To preſent grandeur how my BRITAIN roſe.
Bold were thoſe BRITONS, who, the careleſs ſons
Of Nature, roam'd the foreſt-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their woodland wars:
For by the † Druid taught, that death but ſhifts
The vital ſcene, they that prime fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on ſteel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-ſaved life that muſt again return.
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And ſtill more tyrant Cuſtom, unſubdued,
Man knows no maſter ſave creating HEAVEN,
Or ſuch as choice and common good ordain.
This general ſenſe, with which the nations I
Promiſcuous fire, in BRITONS burn'd intenſe,
Of future times prophetic. Witneſs, Rome,
Who ſaw'ſt thy Cæſar, from the naked land,
Whoſe only fort was Britiſh hearts, repell'd,
To ſeek Pharſalian wreaths. Witneſs, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootleſs to ſecure,

* Great-Britain was peopled by the Celtae or Gauls.

† The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Beneath an ‡ Empire's yoke, a ſtubborn Iſle,
Diſputed hard, and never quite ſubdued.
The ‖ North remain'd untouch'd, where thoſe who ſcorn'd
To ſtoop retir'd; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at laſt, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to ſuſtain the ſhock,
From ſea to ſea deſponding legions rais'd
The * wall immenſe, and yet, on ſummer's eve,
While ſport his lambkins round, the ſhepherd's gaze.
Continual o'er it burſt the † Northern Storm,
As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarſe
A ſwift return. But the devouring flood
No more endured controul, when, to ſupport
The laſt ‡ remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhauſtleſs, ſpiritleſs, and ſunk.
Great proof! how men enfeeble into ſlaves.
§ The ſword behind him flaſh'd; before him roar'd,

‡ The Roman empire.

‖ Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not ſubmit to the Romans, retired

* The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite croſs the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

† Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

‡ The Roman empire being miſerably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

§ The Britons applying to Aetius the Roman general for aſſiſtance, thus expreſſed their miſerable condition—— "We "know not which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive "us to the ſea, and the ſea forces us back to the Barba- "rians; between which we have only the choice of two

Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not ſparkling ardent flame,
As when * Caractacus to battle led
Silurian ſwains, and † Baodicea taught
Her raging troops the miſeries of ſlaves.

Then (ſad relief!) from the bleak coſt that hears
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, ſtrong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-eyed Saxon came;
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect. For conqueſt and defence
Suffices the ſame arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a freſh invigorating ſtream,
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty ſpirit glow'd.
Raſh war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice: ‡ deriving thence

" deaths, either to be ſwallowed up by the waves, or but-
" chered by the ſword."

* King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the beſt general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were eſteemed the braveſt and moſt powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordſhire, Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Monmouthſhire, and Glamorganſhire.

† Queen of the Iceni: her ſtory is well known.

‡ It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths), that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by ſickneſs or by age, went into vaſt caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noiſome creatures uſual to ſuch places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs ſtench and miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conqueſt of their neighbours and the ſlaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or reſolutions, went immediately to the

A right to feaſt, and drain immortal bowls,
In Odin's hall; whoſe blazing roof reſounds
The genial uproar of thoſe ſhades, who fall
In deſperate fight, or by ſome brave attempt;
And tho' more poliſh'd times the martial Creed
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly gifts of war their all:
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nurſing peace,
And matchleſs Orders, the deep baſis ſtill
On which aſcends my BRITISH REIGN. Untamed
To the refining ſubtilties of ſlaves,
They brought an happy government along;
Form'd by that Freedom, which, with ſecret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her ſons,
And which of old thro' the whole Scythian Maſs
Strong inſpir'd. Monarchical their ſtate,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wiſe
Of each harmonious power: only, too much,
Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the General-King, and Chieftain-Thanes.
In many a field, by civil fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſcordant ‡ Heptarchy; and long

vaſt hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open houſe for all ſuch gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feaſts and mirth, carouſing in bowls made of the ſculls of their enemies they had ſlain; according to the number of whom, every one in theſe manſions of pleaſure was the moſt honoured and beſt entertained.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's *Eſſay on Heroic Virtue.*

‡ The ſeven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, conſidered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief or monarch, and by the means of an aſſembly general or Wittenagemot.

(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
‖ Egbert and Peace on one united throne.
No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
Of brighter days, when lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish § *Raven*, lured by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far-seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While close behind them march'd the sallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desart fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
Even Friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon awe'd.
But Superstition first, and Monkish dreams,
And monk-directed, cloyster-seeking kings,
Had eat away his vigor, eat away
His edge of Courage, and depress'd the soul

‖ Egbert King of Wessex, who after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first King of England.

§ A famous Danish standard was called Reafan or Raven. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapped its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Of conquering Freedom, which he once reſpir'd.
Thus cruel ages paſs'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when with † ALFRED, from the wilds ſhe came
To police'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire ſunk,
Then ſet intire in * Haſtings' bloody field.
Compendious war! (on BRITAIN's glory bent,
So fate ordain'd) in that deciſive day,
The haughty Norman ſeiz'd at once an iſle,
For which, through many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burſt;
And, mix'd the genius of theſe people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted ſtream,
Here the rich tide of Engliſh blood grew full.
A while my Spirit ſlept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic rage.
Inſtead of ‡ Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and, in the ſecret ſhade,
Deep-ſtung but fearful Indignation gnaſh'd
His teeth. Of Freedom, Property, deſpoil'd,
And of their bulwark, Arms; with Caſtles cruſh'd,
With Ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;

† Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no leſs famous in peace for his many excellent inſtitutions, particularly that of Juries.

* The battle of Haſtings, in which Harold II. the laſt of the Saxon kings, was ſlain, and William the Conqueror made himſelf maſter of England.

‡ Edward III. the Confeſſor, who reduced the Weſt-Saxon, Mercian, and Daniſh laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of "The Laws of Edward."

The ſhivering wretches, at the ‡ Curfew ſound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom of ancient times,
Mus'd ſad, or dream'd of better. Even to feed
A tyrant's idle ſport the peaſant ſtarv'd:
To the wild herd, the paſture of the tame,
The chearful hamlet, ſpiry town, was given,
And the brown † foreſt roughen'd wide around.
But this ſo dead, ſo vile ſubmiſſion, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic ſway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
Tyrants themſelves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by Kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd ſtate,
Or tempted, by the timorous and the weak,
To gain new ground, firſt taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began,
Both thoſe of Engliſh and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The Nation of the Free! preſs'd by a † band
Of Patriots, ardent as the ſummer's noon
That looks delighted on, the Tyrant ſee!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His ſtrong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

‡ The Curfew Bell (from the French *Couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the Engliſh to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a ſevere fine.

† The New Foreſt in Hampſhire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compaſs was laid waſte.

* On the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemede, ſigned the Great Charter of Liberties, or *Magna Charta*.

Thro' this and thro' ſucceeding reigns affirm'd
Theſe long-conteſted rights, the wholeſome winds
Of Oppoſition ‡ hence began to blow,
And often ſince have lent the country life.
Before their breath Corruption's inſect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counſel fly;
Or ſhould they ſounding ſwell, a putrid court,
A peſtilential miniſtry they purge,
And ventilated ſtates renew their bloom.
Though with the temper'd Monarchy here mix'd
Ariſtocratic ſway, the People ſtill,
Flatter'd by this or that, as intereſt lean'd,
No full protection knew. For ME reſerved,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my firſt attempt, in † ſenates roſe,
The Fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general Liberty, that ſoul, [left
Which generous Nature breathes and which, when
By ME to bondage was corrupted Rome,
Through the Northern nations wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, ruſh'd

‡ The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the firſt confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's intereſt againſt the King.

† The Commons are generally thought to have been firſt repreſented in parliament towards the end of Henry IIId's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to ſend four Knights, as repreſentatives of their reſpective ſhires: and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to ſend, as their repreſentatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgeſſes. Till then, hiſtory makes no mention of them; whence a very ſtrong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the Houſe of Commons to that æra.

From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Lybian deſarts ſwarm protruding ſwarm,
And pour'd new ſpirit through a ſlaviſh world.
Yet, o'er theſe Gothic ſtates, the Kings and Chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engroſs'd
The mingled power. But on BRITANNIA's ſhore
Now preſent, I to raiſe my reign began
By raiſing the Democracy, the third
And broadeſt bulwark of the guarded ſtate.
Then was the full, the perfect plan diſclos'd
Of BRITAIN's matchleſs Conſtitution, mix'd
Of mutual checking and ſupporting powers,
KING, LORDS and COMMONS; nor the name of Free
Deſerving while the vaſſal-many droop'd:
For ſince the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depreſs'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory caſt
Mark from this period the continual proof.
When Kings, of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning ſlaves;
Proudly regardleſs of their people's plaints,
And poorly paſſive of inſulting foes;
Double, not prudent, obſtinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, neceſſity their faith;
Inſtead of generous fire, preſumptuous, hot,
Raſh to reſolve, and ſlothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and ſlaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining ſhameful waſte;
By counſels weak and wicked, eaſy rous'd
To paultry ſchemes of abſolute command,
To ſeek their ſplendour in their ſure diſgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth;
When ſuch o'ercaſt the ſtate, no bond of love,
No heart, no ſoul, no unity, no nerve,

Combin'd the looſe disjointed public, loſt
To fame abroad, to happineſs at home.
But when an * EDWARD, and an † HENRY, breath'd
Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting ſoul;
Drawn ſympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide attracted merit round them glow'd:
When counſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of ſtate, determin'd kept
Some ruling point in view: when, on the ſtock
Of public good and glory grafted, ſpread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they ſtray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of reſtraint:
When regal ſtate, pre-eminence of place,
They ſcorn'd to deem pre-eminence of eaſe,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The buſy hive: as in diſtinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, firſt;
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
To guard the ſubject, and to quell the foe:
When ſuch with ME their vital influence ſhed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeleſs ſigh, was heard;
No foul diſtruſt through wary ſenates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd:
On Aid unqueſtion'd, liberal Aid was giv'n:
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies ruſh'd;
And § Creſſy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim
What Kings ſupported by almighty Love,
And People fir'd with Liberty, can do.
Be veil'd the ſavage † reigns, when kindred rage

* Edward III. † Henry V.

§ Three famous battles gained by the Engliſh over the French.

† During the civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaſter.

The numerous once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
By private feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
My quivering flame. But in the next behold!
A * cautious Tyrant lend it oil anew.
Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous caſt
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of exceſſive ſway,
† At pleaſure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to cruſh theſe petty Tyrants, plan'd
A law ‖. that let them, by the ſilent waſte
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuſe,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By ſoft degrees a mighty change enſu'd,
Even working to this day With ſtreams, deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd floods, the country ſmil'd.
As when impetuous from the ſnow-heap'd Alps,
The vernal ſuns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft. with waſteful ſweep,
He foams along; but, thro' Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thouſand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ſhips, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landſcape riſes round.
His furious § Son the ſoul-enſlaving ‡ chain,
Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link ſtrong-twiſted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,

* Henry VII.

† The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

‖ Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

§ Henry VIII. ‡ Of papal dominion.

From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each ſolemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous ſoul, to fool mankind;
And, wild at laſt, to plunge into a ſea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That firſt thro' § Wickliff ſtreak'd the prieſtly gloom,
Now burſt in open day. Bare'd to the blaze,
‡ Forth from the haunts of Superſtition crawl'd
Her motly ſons, fantaſtic figures all;
And, wide diſpers'd, their uſeleſs fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
Trade, join'd to theſe, on every ſea diſplay'd
A daring canvaſs, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other † worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering ſtores, whoſe fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily deſpis'd,
Yet work'd his woe; and to the bliſsful groves,
Where nature liv'd herſelf among her ſons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew Rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worſt the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
Be no ſuch horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
But want for want, with mutual aid, ſupply.
The Commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Againſt the Barons weigh'd, Eliza, then,
Amid theſe doubtful motions, ſteady, gave
The beam to fix. She! like the *Secret Eye*
That never cloſes on a guarded world,

§ John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, toward the cloſe of the fourteenth century, publiſhed doctrines very contrary to thoſe of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers were very numerous, and were called Lollards.

‡ Suppreſſion of monaſteries.

† The Spaniſh Weſt-Indies.

So ſough'd, ſo mark'd, ſo ſeiz'd the Public good,
That ſelf-ſupported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inſpired by ME, beneath her ſheltering arm,
In ſpite of raging * *univerſal Sway*,
And raging ſeas repreſs'd, the Belgic ſtates,
My bulwark on the Continent, aroſe.
Matchleſs in all the ſpirit of her days!
With confidence unbounded, fearleſs love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long-threatened fleet †,
And daſhed the pride of Spain around their iſle,
Nor ceas'd the Britiſh Thunder here to rage;
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call!
In fire and ſmoke Iberian ports involved,
The trembling foe even to the centre ſhook
Of their new-conquered world, and ſkulking ſtole
By veering winds their Indian treaſure home.
Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Juſtice, Science, Arts,
With ſofter laurels crowned her happy reign.
As yet uncircumſcribed the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remained,
A wide voracious gulph, where ſwallowed oft
The helpleſs ſubject lay. This to reduce
To the juſt limit, was MY great effort.
By means, that evil ſeem to narrow man,
Superior Beings work their myſtic will:
From ſtorm and trouble thus a ſettled calm,
At laſt, effulgent, o'er BRITANNIA ſmiled.
The gathering tempeſt HEAVEN-commiſſioned, came,

* The dominion of the houſe of Auſtria.

† The Spaniſh Armada. Rapin ſays, that after proper meaſures had been taken the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Came in the † Prince, who drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counſels ruled the world:
Tho' ſcorned abroad, bewildered in a maze
Of fruitleſs treaties; while at home enſlaved,
And by a worthleſs crew inſatiate drained,
He loſt his people's confidence and love:
Irreparable loſs! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious paſs'd;
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoyed:
Abandoned * *Frederick* pined, and *Raleigh* bled.
But nothing that to theſe internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawleſs ſway
He, with his ſlaviſh Doctors, tried to rear
† On metaphyſic, on inchanted ground,
And all the mazy quibbles of the ſchools:
As if for one, and ſometimes for the worſt,
HEAVEN had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not ſo the dire effect,
The fierce, the ‡ fooliſh diſcord thence derived,
That tears the country ſtill, by party-rage
And miniſterial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Beſt fitted, faint this prince purſued his claim:
Content to teach the ſubject-herd, how great,
How ſacred he! how deſpicable they!

† James I.

* Elector Palatine, and who had been choſen king of Bohemia, but was ſtript of all his dominions and dignities by the emperor Ferdinand; while James the firſt, his father in law, being amuſed from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

† The monſtrous and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeaſible hereditary right, paſſive obedience &c.

‡ The parties of Whig and Tory.

But his unyielding § Son these doctrines drank,
With all a bigot's rage, (who never damps
By reasoning his fire); and *what* they taught,
Warm, and tenacious, into practice pushed.
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint applied:
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tired with the check
Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleased
Of false designing guilt, the ‖ fountain he
Of public Wisdom and of Justice shut.
Wide mourned the land. Strait to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
Th' illegal imposition followed harsh,
With execration given, or ruthless squeezed
From an insulted people, by a band
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
Oppression walked at large, and poured abroad
Her unrelenting train: Informers, Spies,
Blood-hounds, that sturdy Freedom from the grove,
Pursue: projectors of aggrieving schemes.
* Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
† To sell the starving many to the few,
And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
Even from that place, whence healing peace should flow,
And Gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
Their ‡ poison round; and on the venal bench,

§ Charles I.
‖ Parliaments
* Ship-money.
† Monopolies.
‡ The raging High-Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Inſtead of Juſtice, Party held the ſcale,
And Violence the ſword. Afflicted years,
Too-patient, felt at laſt their vengeance full.
Mid the low murmurs of ſubmiſſive fear,
And mingled rage, MY HAMDEN raiſed his voice,
And to the Laws appealed; the laws no more
In Judgment ſat; behoved ſome other ear.
When inſtant from the keen reſentive North,
By long Oppreſſion, by Religion rouſed,
The Guardian Army came. Beneath its wing
Was called, tho' meant to furniſh hoſtile aid,
The more than Roman ſenate. There a flame
Broke out, that cleared, conſumed, renewed the land.
In deep emotion hurled, nor Greece nor Rome,
Indignant, burſting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of ME, each agitated ſoul
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch light and heat combined!
Such heads and hearts! ſuch dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majeſtic Wiſdom, taught its courſe
What nuſance to devour; ſuch Wiſdom fired
With unabating zeal, and aimed ſincere
To clear the weedy State, reſtore the Laws,
And for the future to ſecure their ſway.
This then the purpoſe of my mildeſt ſons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflamed
(Chief, ſhould the breath of factious fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad Enthuſiaſt ſwelled)
Not eaſy cools again. From breaſt to breaſt,
From eye to eye, the kindling paſſions mix
In heightened blaze: and ever wiſe and juſt,
High HEAVEN to gracious ends directs the ſtorm.
Thus in one conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
And by Confuſion's lawleſs ſons deſpoiled,
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the ground,

Succeſſive, ruſhed—Lo! from their aſhes roſe
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the * *Phœnix-State.*
The grievous yoke of Vaſſalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by thoſe flames diſſolved;
And, from the † waſteful, the luxurious King,
Was purchaſed ‡ that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger reſtored, the Commons taxed the Whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Deſpoil'd, on ſenates more dependant grew;
And they more frequent, more aſſur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour ſpread that bitter root,
The paſſive doctrines, by their patrons firſt
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themſelves.
This wild deluſive cant; the raſh cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, reſtleſs in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the conſtant need
Of finding faithleſs means, or ſhifting forms,
And flattering ſenates, to ſupply his waſte;
Theſe tore ſome moments from the careleſs prince,
And in his breaſt awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous ſoftneſs long he min'd his way;
By ſubtle arts, diſſimulation deep;
By ſharing what Corruption ſhower'd, profuſe;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleaſing manners, fitted to deceive.
At laſt ſubſided the delirious joy,
On whoſe high billow from the ſaintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A penſion'd king,
Againſt his country brib'd by Gallic gold;

* At the Reſtoration.
† Charles II.
‡ Court of Wards.

The port ‡ pernicious ſold, the Scylla ſince
And ſell Charybdis of the Britiſh ſeas;
Freedom attack'd abroad *, with ſurer blow
To cut it off at home; the ſaviour-league §
Of Europe broke; the progreſs even advanc'd
Of univerſal ſway ¶, which to reduce
Such ſeas of blood and treaſure BRITAIN coſt;
The millions, by a generous people given,
Or ſquander'd vile, or to corrupt, diſgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own ‖,
Employ'd; the darling church herſelf betray'd;
All theſe, broad-glaring, ope'd the general eye,
And waked my ſpirit, the reſiſting ſoul.
Mild was, at firſt, and half-aſham'd the check
Of ſenates, ſhook from the fantaſtic dream
Of abſolute ſubmiſſion, tenets vile!
Which ſlaves would bluſh to own, and which, reduc'd
To practice, always honeſt nature ſhock.
Not even the maſk remov'd, and the fierce front
Of tyranny diſclos'd; nor trampled laws;
Nor ſeiz'd each badge of freedom thro' the land §;
Nor SIDNEY bleeding for the unpubliſh'd page;
Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,
And murderous rage itſelf, in Jefferies' form;
Nor endleſs acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel, and falſe, could raiſe the public arm.

‡ Dunkirk.

* The war, in conjunction with France, againſt the Dutch.

§ The triple Alliance.

¶ Under Lewis XIV.

‖ A ſtanding army, raiſed without the conſent of parliament.

§ The charters of corporations.

Diſtruſtful, ſcatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
The patient public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king *, and hurry'd fated on
His meaſures immature But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herſelf, portentous ſcar'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding roſe, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew.
Yet ſilence reign'd. Each on another ſcowl'd
Rueful amazement, preſſing down his rage:
As, muſtering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully ſtill, waiting the high command
To ſpring. Strait from his country Europe ſav'd,
To ſave BRITANNIA. lo! my darling ſon,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal NASSAU came. I huſh'd the deep
By demons rous'd, and bade the liſted winds †,
Still ſhifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the DE IVERER to the longing ſhore.
See! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright ‡

* James II.

† The Prince of Orange in his paſſage to England, tho' his fleet had been at firſt diſperſed by a ſtorm, was afterwards extremely favoured by ſeveral changes of wind.

‡ Rapin in his hiſtory of England—— The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to ſtay for the ſhips that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. It is eaſy to imagine what a glorious ſhow the fleet made. Five or ſix hundred ſhips in ſo narrow a channel, and both the Engliſh and French ſhores covered with numberleſs ſpectators, are no common ſight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it ſtruck me extremely.

With ſwelling ſails, and all the pride of war,
Delightful view! when Juſtice draws the ſword:
And mark! diffuſing ardent ſoul around,
And ſweet contempt of death, MY ſtreaming flag *.
Even adverſe navies bleſs'd the binding gale †,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and ſilent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waſte of arms
His progreſs mark'd. The faint oppoſing hoſt ¶
For once, in yielding, their beſt victory found,
And by deſertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his the bloodleſs conqueſt of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
Then dawn'd the period deſtin'd to confine
The ſurge of wild prerogative, to raiſe
A mound reſtraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the ſwallow'd ſtate
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Suſtaining weighty ſeas. This, often ſav'd
By more than human hand, the public ſaw,
And ſeiz'd the white-wing'd moment. § Pleas'd to yield
Deſtructive power, a wiſe heroic prince ‡
Even lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happineſs, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.
What tho' not theirs the boaſt, in dungeon glooms,

* The Prince placed himſelf in the main body, carrying a flag with Engliſh colours, and their Highneſſes arms, ſurrounded with this motto, "The Proteſtant religion and "the Liberties of England." And underneath the motto of the houſe of Naſſau, *Je Maintiendrai*, "I will maintain." *Rapin.*

† The Engliſh fleet.

¶ The King's army.

§ By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succeſſion.

‡ William III.

To plunge bold freedom; or to chearleſs wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to ſtrike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not juſtice, that delights
To dare the keeneſt eye of open day.
What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it. What tho' tools of wanton power,
Peſtiferous armies ſwarm not at their call.
What tho' they give not a relentleſs crew
Of civil furies, proud Oppreſſion's fangs!
To tear at pleaſure the dejected land,
With ſtarving labour pampering idle waſte.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs tear from lone Affliction's eye;
To raiſe hid merit, ſet th' alluring light
Of virtue high to view; to nouriſh arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd ſtate,
Make a whole glorious people ſing for joy,
Bleſs human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to ſpread that better ſun
Which lights up Britiſh ſoul: for deeds like theſe,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lyes;
While (ſtill ſuperior bliſs) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd: the precipice of ill.
Oh luxury divine! Oh poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of deſpotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundleſs good, without the power of ill.
And now behold! exalted as the cope
That ſwells immenſe o'er many peopled earth,
And like it free, My Fabric ſtands compleat,
The Palace of the laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceaſing crouds,

With kings themſelves the hearty peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And tho' to different ranks
Reſponſive place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods deſcend! ye winds confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempeſt, nor corroſive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark CORRUPTION, can its frame diſſolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the duſt.

THE

PROSPECT:

Being the FIFTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART V.

AUTHOR addresses the GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *marking the happiness and grandeur of* GREAT-BRITAIN, *as arising from* HER *influence, to* Ver. 88; SHE *resumes* HER *discourse, and points out the chief* VIRTUES *which are necessary to maintain* HER ESTABLISHMENT *there; to* Ver. 374. *Recommends, as* ITS *last ornament and finishing,* SCIENCES, FINE ARTS, *and* PUBLIC WORKS. *The encouragement of these urged from the example of* FRANCE, *though under a despotic government; to* Ver 549. *The whole concludes with a* PROSPECT *of future times, given by the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY: *this described by the author, as it passes in* VISION *before him.*

LIBERTY.

PART V.

HERE interposing, as the GODDESS paus'd,—
"Oh bless'd BRITANNIA! in thy presence bless'd,
"Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring alone,
"All human grandeur, happiness and fame:
"For toil, by Thee protected, feels no pain;
"The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
"And gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.
"Let other lands the potent blessing boast
"Of more exalted suns. Let Asia's woods,
"Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
"And let the little insect-artist form,
"On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
"Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose
"The various-tinctur'd children of the sun.
"From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
"A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
"Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
"With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
"The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
"Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.
"Turbid with gold; let southern rivers flow;
"And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.
"Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru,
"Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
"The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd;—
"Unequal'd bliss—and to unequal'd rage!
"Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,

" Nor, in full prime, that new-diſcover'd world,
" Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praiſe
" Shall with BRITANNIA vie, while Goddeſs, ſhe
" Derives her praiſe from Thee, her matchleſs charms,
" Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
" And, warm with culture, her thick-cluſtering fields
" Prolific team. Eternal verdure crowns
" Her meads; her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring.
" She gives the hunter horſe, unquell'd by toil,
" Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid chace:
" She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive pours
" Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe,
" That wraps the nations: ſhe, to luſty droves,
" The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and, her's, deep-waves
" Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
" Theſe her delight; and by no baneful herb,
" No darting tyger, no grim lion's glare,
" No fierce-deſcending wolf, no ſerpent roll'd
" In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land,
" Diſturb'd. Enlivening theſe, and cities, full
" Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crouds:
" Add thriving towns: add villages and farms,
" Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale,
" Where bold unrival'd peaſants happy dwell:
" Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks
" Emboſom'd high, while kindred floods below
" Wind thro' the mead; and thoſe of modern hand,
" More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar:
" Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name
" Where ſwarm the finny race? Thee, chief,
O Thames!
" On whoſe each tide, glad with returning ſails
" Flows on the mingled harveſt of mankind?
" And thee, thou Severn, whoſe prodigious ſwell
" And waves, reſounding, imitate the main?
" Why need I name her deep capacious ports,

"That point around the world? and why her ſeas?
"All ocean is her own, and every land
"To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears,
"She too the mineral feeds, th' obedient Lead,
"The warlike Iron, nor the peaceful leſs,
"Forming of life art-civilized the bond;
"And * that the Tyrian merchant ſought of old,
"Not dreaming then of BRITAIN's brighter fame.
"She rears to Freedom an undaunted race;
"Compatriot zealous, hoſpitable, kind.
"Her's the warm CAMBRIAN: her's the lofty SCOT,
"To hardſhip tam'd, active in arts and arms,
"Fir'd with a reſtleſs, an impatient flame,
"That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls:
"And ENGLISH Merit her's: where meet, combin'd,
"Whate'er high fancy, ſound judicious thought,
"An ample generous heart, undrooping ſoul,
"And firm tenacious valour can beſtow.
"Great nurſe of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, She:
"Great nurſe of men! By Thee, O Goddeſs, taught,
"Her old renown I trace, diſcloſe her ſource
"Of wealth, of grandeur; and to BRITONS ſing
"A ſtrain the Muſes never touch'd before.
"*But how ſhall this* thy *mighty* Kingdom *ſtand?*
"*On what unyielding baſe? how finiſhed ſhine?*"
At this Her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
Majeſtic thus ſhe rais'd—"To Britons bear
"This cloſing ſtrain, and with intenſer note
"Loud let it ſound in their awaken'd ear."
On *virtue* can alone *my kingdom* ſtand,
On *public virtue, every virtue join'd.*
For, loſt this ſocial cement of mankind,
The greateſt empires, by ſcarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder ſoft away; till, tottering looſe,
They prone at laſt to total ruin ruſh.

* Tin.

Unbleſs'd by *Virtue*, Government and League
Becomes a circling junto of the Great,
To rob by law; Religion mild, a yoke
To tame the ſtooping ſoul, a trick of ſtate
To maſk their rapine, and to ſhare the prey.
What are without IT Senates, ſave a face
Of conſultation deep and reaſon free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are ſold?
What boaſted Freedom, ſave a ſounding name?
And what Election, but a market vile
Of ſlaves ſelf-barter'd? *Virtue*, without Thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in ſtates;
War has no vigour, and no ſafety peace:
Even juſtice warps to party, laws oppreſs,
Wide thro' the land their weak protection falls,
Firſt broke the balance, and then ſcorn'd the ſword.
Thus nations ſink, ſociety diſſolves;
Rapine and guile and violence break looſe,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Lybia's hiſſing ſands to him are tame.

By theſe THREE VIRTUES be the frame ſuſtain'd
Of *Britiſh Freedom: Independent Life*;
Integrity in Office; and o'er all
Supreme, *A paſſion for the Common-weal.*

Hail! *Independence*, hail! HEAVEN's next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public Freedom, hail, thou ſacred ſource!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight

That Nature craves. Its happy maſter there
The ONLY FREE-MAN, walks his pleaſing round:
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearleſs Truth;
Firm Reſolution; Goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever new.
Theſe chear his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,
When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Meantime, true-judging moderate deſires,
Oeconomy and Taſte, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom Fortune heaps, without theſe Virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within,
That *Independence*, active, or retir'd,
Which make the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below:
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched train,
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, ſlaves.
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a groſs expence
They purchaſe diſappointment, pain and ſhame.
Inſtead of hearty, hoſpitable chear,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows;
While in the foaming flood, fermenting ſteep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark! thoſe diſgraceful piles of wood and ſtone;
Thoſe parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
And Nature by preſumptuous Art oppreſs'd,
The woodland Genius mourns, See! the full board
That ſteams diſguſt, and bowls that give no joy:
No truth invited there, to feed the mind;
Nor Wit, the wine rejoicing reaſon quaffs.
Hark! how the dome with Inſolence reſounds,

With thoſe retain'd by Vanity to ſcare
Repoſe and friends. To tyrant Faſhion, mark!
The coſtly worſhip paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From ſtill deluſive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See! ſelf-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Daſh'd o'er the town, a miſerable wreck!
Then to adore ſome warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of maſquerade unbluſhing: or, to ſhow
Their ſcorn of Nature, at the tragic ſcene
They mirthful ſit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and even the fair,
The tender fair, each ſweetneſs laid aſide,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In ſome ſack'd city. Thus diſſolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury diſſolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needleſs want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:
With fair but faithleſs ſmiles each varniſh'd o'er;
Each ſmooth as thoſe that mutually deceive,
And for their falſehood each deſpiſing each;
'Till ſhook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the withered ſhower, and leaves him bare.
O far ſuperior Afric's ſable ſons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to theſe willing Slaves!
And rich, as unſqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his Virtue boaſt alone!
Britons! be firm!—nor let Corruption ſly
Twine round your heart indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds
By Cæſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæſars roſe. Determin'd, hold
Your *Independence*; for, that once deſtroy'd,

Unfounded, *Freedom* is a morning dream,
That fleets aerial from the ſpreading eye.
Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in Office on My ſons;
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That laviſhly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whoſe cup with many a bitter drop is mix'd;
The guardian public; every face they ſee,
And every friend; nay, in effect themſelves.
As in familiar life, the villain's fate
Admits no cure; ſo, when a deſperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant ſpurn, and hopleſs ſoar away.
But, ah too little known to modern times!
Be not the nobleſt paſſion paſt unſung;
That ray peculiar, from *unbounded Love*
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic ſoul;
Devotion to the Public. Glorious flame!
Celeſtial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profuſely ſcatter'd thro' the blue immenſe,
Haſt thou been bleſſing myriads, ſince in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, ſo many deathleſs names
From Thee their luſtre drew? ſince, taught by Thee,
Their poverty put ſplendor to the bluſh,
Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight!
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my laſt retreat?
'Tis not enough, from Self right underſtood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Tho' Virtue not diſdains appeals to Self,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy ſave her's.
Far leſs the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to Corruption, to its wages friends,
Or thoſe whom private paſſions, for a while,

Beneath my ſtandard liſt, can they ſuffice
To raiſe and fix the glory of *my Reign?*
An active flood of univerſal Love
Muſt ſwell the breaſt. Firſt, in effuſion wide,
The reſtleſs ſpirit roves creation round,
And ſeizes every being: ſtronger then
It tends to Life, whate'er the kindred ſearch
Of bliſs allies: then, more collected ſtill,
It urges Human kind: a paſſion grown,
At laſt, the central Parent-public calls
Its utmoſt effort forth, awakes each ſenſe,
The comely, grand and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, ſhook from ſublimer powers
Than thoſe of Self, this Heaven-infus'd delight,
This moral gravitation, ruſhing prone
To preſs the public Good, my ſyſtem ſoon,
Traverſe, to ſeveral ſelfiſh centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin: while for ever ſhut
Stand the bright portals of deſponding fame.
From ſordid ſelf ſhoot up no ſhining deeds,
None of thoſe ancient lights, that gladen earth,
Give grace to being, and arouſe the brave
To juſt ambition, Virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly buſtling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader ſcorns
The poor hiſtoric page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's ſhame.
Not ſo the times when emulation ſtung,
Greece ſhone in genius, ſcience, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Thro' the deep periods of devolving time,
Thoſe, raptur'd copy; theſe, aſtoniſh'd, read.
True, a corrupted ſtate, with every vice
And every meanneſs foul, this paſſion damps.

Who can, unſhock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling ſmile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentleſs ſelf,
Equally vile if miſer or profuſe?
Powers not of GOD, aſſiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant who devours
The poor, the weak, at diſtance from redreſs *?
Delirious Faction bellowing loud MY name?
The falſe fair-ſeeming patriot's hollow boaſt?
A race reſolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My ſacred rights a merchandiſe alone
Eſteeming, and to work their feeder's will,
By deeds a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who theſe indeed can undeteſting ſee?——
But why unpitying? To the generous eye
Diſtreſs is virtue; and, tho' ſelf-betray'd,
A people ſtruggling with their fate muſt rouze
The hero's throb. Nor can a land at once,
Be loſt to virtue quite. How glorious then!
Fit luxury for Gods! to ſave the good,
Protect the feeble, daſh bold vice aſide,
Depreſs the wicked, and reſtore the frail.
Poſterity, beſides, the young are pure,
And ſons may tinge their father's cheek with ſhame.
Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
That BRITONS bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's ſoul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and groſs! by their own gold,

* Lord Moleſworth in his account of Denmark ſays—— It is obſerved, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the ſeat of government is advantageous to the ſubjects; whilſt the diſtant provinces are leſs thriving, and more liable to oppreſſion.

In part beſtow'd, to bribe them to give all.
With party raging, or immers'd in ſloth,
Should they BRITANNIA's well fought laurels yield
To ſlily conquering Gaul; even from her brow
Let her own naval oak be baſely torn,
By ſuch as tremble at the ſtiffening gale,
And nerveleſs ſink while others ſing rejoiced.
Or (darker proſpect! ſcarce one gleam behind
Diſcloſing) ſhould the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the fartheſt hut,
That ſits ſerene within the foreſt-ſhade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirſt, ſo gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they ſtand prepar'd
To ſell their birth-right for a cooling draught.
Should ſhameleſs pens for plain corruption plead;
The hir'd aſſaſſins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of GREECE and ROME,
Should public virtue grow the public ſcoff,
'Till private, failing, ſtaggers thro' the land:
'Till round the city looſe mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury ſleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries, abound;
Nay, till to loweſt deeds the higheſt ſtoop;
The rich, like ſtarving wretches, thirſt for gold;
And thoſe on whom the vernal ſhowers of HEAVEN
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot beſtow,
A power to live to Nature and themſelves,
In ſick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune joyleſs, and with honours mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profuſion flows around,
The waſte of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions, in the gulph abſorpt
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage

Of rouz'd Corruption ſtill demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful ſkill
Employ'd) might make the ſmiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, ſerves but to nurſe
A locuſt-band within, and in the bud
Leaves ſtarv'd each work of dignity and uſe.
I paint the worſt. But ſhould theſe times arrive,
If any nobler paſſion yet remain,
Let all MY ſons all parties fling aſide,
Deſpiſe their nonſenſe, and together join:
Let worth and virtue, ſcorning low deſpair,
Exerted full, from every quarter ſhine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flaſh'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intenſe
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the ſtars effulge; fainter, at firſt,
They, ſtraggling riſe; but when the radiant hoſt,
In thick profuſion pour'd, ſhine out immenſe,
Each caſting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
But why to BRITONS this ſuperfluous ſtrain?—
Good nature, honeſt truth even ſomewhat blunt,
Of crooked baſeneſs an indignant ſcorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cauſe,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them——
Nor only wont.—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a bleſt retirement ſtill they dwell.
To ſofter proſpects turn we now the view,
To laurel'd SCIENCE, ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS,
That lend MY FINISH'D FABRIC comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of ſullen genius he!
Curs'd by the Muſes! by the Graces loath'd!
Who deems beneath the public's high regard
Theſe laſt enlivening touches of MY reign.

However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous riſe,
Let Eaſt and South their mingled treaſure pour,
'Till, ſwell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burſt o'er the city and devour the land:
Yet theſe neglected, theſe recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuſance; and oblivious ſunk,
That nation muſt another Carthage ly.
If not by them, on monumental braſs,
On ſculptur'd marble, on the deathleſs page,
Impreſt, renown had left no trace behind:
In vain, to future times, the ſage had thought,
The legiſlator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath,
They rouze ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuſe,
Delight the general eye; and dreſt by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
SCIENCE, MY cloſe aſſociate, ſtill attends
Where-e'er I go. Sometimes in ſimple guiſe,
She walks the furrow with the conſul-ſwain,
Whiſpering unletter'd wiſdom to the heart,
Direct; or ſometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy dreſt, ſhe charms Athenian wits,
And a whole ſapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow MINERVA'S terrors nod:
With XENOPHON, ſometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate ſoul, and makes * Retreat,
Unequal'd glory: with the Theban ſage,
EPAMINONDAS, firſt and beſt of men!
Sometimes ſhe bids the deep-embattled hoſt,
Above the vulgar reach, reſiſtleſs form'd,

* The famous retreat of the ten thouſand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

March to ſure conqueſt—never gain'd before †!
Nor on the treacherous ſeas of giddy ſtate
Unſkilful ſhe: when the triumphant tide
Of high-ſwoln empire wears one boundleſs ſmile,
And the gale tempts to new purſuits of fame,
Sometimes, with SCIPIO, ſhe collects her ſail,
And ſeeks the bliſsful ſhore of rural eaſe,
Where, but the Aonian maids, no ſyrens ſing,
Or ſhould the deep-brew'd tempeſt muttering riſe,
While rocks and ſhoals perfidious lurk around,
With TULLY ſhe her wide reviving light
To ſenates holds, a Cataline confounds,
And ſaves a while from Cæſar ſinking ROME.
Such the kind power, whoſe piercing eye diſſolves
Each mental fetter, and ſets Reaſon free;
For ME inſpiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy freemen, and how wretched ſlaves.
To BRITONS not unknown, to BRITONS full
The GODDESS ſpreads her ſtores, the ſecret ſoul
That quickens trade, the breath unſeen that wafts
To them the treaſures of a balanc'd world.
But FINER ARTS (ſave what the MUSE has ſung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head; and PUBLIC WORKS,
Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, diſgrace, not ſerve, deſtroy.
Shall BRITONS, by their own JOINT WISDOM rul'd
Beneath one ROYAL HEAD, whoſe vital power

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incurſion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now ſix hundred years ſince the Dorians had poſſeſſed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been ſeen within their territory. *Plutarch in Ageſilaus.*

Connects, enlivens, and exerts the WHOLE;
In FINER ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depress't, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust armies o'er the blasted land:
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
His own insatiate reservoir to fill:
To the lone desart Patriot-Merit frowns.
Or into dungeons Arts, when they, their chains,
Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
All other Licence scorn but TRUTH's and MINE.
Oh shame to think! shall BRITONS, in the field
Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
Even in that * Monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt
By giddy power betray'd, and flattering pride,
To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,
His armies dare'd all Europe to the field;
To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
And, that great source of treasure, subjects blood,
Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
From BRITAIN chief, while MY superior sons,
In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low:
Even then, as in the golden calm of peace,
What PUBLIC WORKS, at home, what ARTS arose!
What various SCIENCE shone! what GENIUS glow'd!
'Tis not for ME to paint, diffusive shot
O'er fair extents of land, the shining road;
The flood-compelling arch; the long † canal,
Thro' mountains piercing and uniting seas;
The ‡ dome resounding sweet with infant joy,

* Lewis XIV.
‡ The canal of Languedoc.
‡ The hospital for foundlings.

From famine sav'd, or cruel-handed shame,
And that ‡ where Valour counts his noble scars;
The land where social Pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce Demon, Gothic Duel, freed;
The robber from his farthest forest chac'd;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd ARTS,
And SCIENCE, by despotic bounty bless'd.
At distance flourish'd from MY PARENT-EYE.
Restoring ancient taste, how BOILEAU rose.
How the big ROMAN soul shook, in CORNEILLE,
The trembling stage. In elegant RACINE,
How the more pow'rful, tho' more humble voice
Of nature-painting GREECE, resistless, breath'd
The whole-awaken'd heart. How MOLIERE's scene,
Chastis'd and regular, with well judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itself. To public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm * seminaries spread;
And more for glory than the small reward,
How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
From *Rome* a while, how PAINTING, courted long,
With POUSSIN came; Ancient Design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul.
How the kind † Art, that, of unvalued price,
The fame'd and only picture, easy, gives,
Refin'd her touch, and thro' the shadow'd piece,
All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.
Coyest of Arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd

‡ The hospital for invalids.

* The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting, † Engraving.

A look, and bade her GIRARDON ariſe.
How laviſh grandeur blaz'd; the barren waſte,
Aſtoniſh'd ſaw the ſudden palace ſwell,
And fountains ſpout amid its arid ſhades.
For leagues, bright viſtas opening to the view,
How foreſts in majeſtic gardens ſmile'd.
How menial Arts, by their gay Siſters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the ſilky lawn,
The palace chear'd, illum'd the ſtory'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom ‡.
Theſe laurels, LOUIS, by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profuſion, its diſhonour ſhade,
And green thro' future times ſhall bind thy brow;
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhor'd, or in oblivion loſt.
With what prevailing vigor had they ſhot,
And ſtole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-ſunk millions fed? Superior ſtill,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the ſkies,
In BRITAIN planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom ſwell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of ARTS,
A falſe uncertain ſpring, when Bounty gives,
Weak without ME, a tranſitory gleam.
Fair ſhine the ſlippery days, enticing ſkies
Of favour ſmile, and courtly breezes blow!
'Till ARTS, betray'd, truſt to the flattering air
Their tender bloſſom: then malignant riſe
The blights of Envy, of thoſe inſect-clouds,
That, blaſting Merit, often cover Courts:
Nay ſhould perchance ſome kind MÆCENAS aid
The doubtful beamings of his PRINCE's ſoul,
His wav'ring ardor fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuſe his warm beneficence around;

‡ The tapeſtry of the Gobelins.

Yet death at laſt and wintry tyrants come,
Each ſprig of Genius killing at the root.
But when with ME IMPERIAL BOUNTY joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal ſpring;
While mingled autumn every harveſt pours
Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil and Nature can produce.
Here ceas'd the GODDESS; and HER ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round. for ſudden flight
Prepar'd; when thus, impatient, burſt my prayer.
'Oh forming light of life! Oh better ſun!
'Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy North,
'Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian ſkies,
'That, unſtain'd aether all, diffuſive ſmile:
'*When ſhall we call theſe ancient laurels ours?*
'*And when* THY WORK *complete?*' Straight with HER hand,
Celeſtial red, SHE touch'd my darken'd eyes.
As at the touch of day the ſhades diſſolve,
So quick, methought, the miſty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below:
The future ſhone diſclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright riſing aeras inſtant ruſh'd to light.
'They come! GREAT GODDESS! I the TIMES behold!
'The TIMES our fathers in the bloody field
'Have earn'd ſo dear, and, not with leſs renown,
'In the warm ſtruggles of the ſenate-fight.
'The TIMES I ſee! whoſe glory to ſupply,
'For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
'Has wing'd unnumber'd ſails, and from each land
'Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with ROME
'Might vie our Grandeur, and with GREECE our Art.
'Lo! PRINCES I behold! contriving ſtill,
'And ſtill conducting firm ſome brave deſign;

'KINGS! that the narrow joyleſs circle ſcorn,
'Burſt the blockade of falſe deſigning men,
'Of treacherous ſmiles, of adulation fell,
'And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
'Their court rejoicing millions; Worth, alone,
'And Virtue dear to them; their beſt delight,
'In juſt proportion, to give general joy;
'Their jealous care THY KINGDOM to maintain;
'The public glory theirs; inſpiring love
'Their endleſs treaſure; and their deeds their praiſe.
'With THEE they work. Nought can reſiſt YOUR force:
'Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats:
'Strong ſpread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;
'His baſhful bounds diſcloſing Merit breaks;
'And, big with fruits of Glory, Virtue blows
'Expanſive o'er the land. Another race
'Of GENEROUS YOUTH, of PATRIOT SIRES, I ſee!
'Not thoſe vain inſects fluttering in the blaze
'Of court and ball and play; thoſe venal ſouls,
'Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
'That, to their vices ſlaves, can ne'er be free.
'I ſee the FOUNTAINS purg'd! whence life derives
'A clear or turbid flow; ſee the young mind
'Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
'Or by ſcholaſtic jargon bloated proud,
'But fill'd and nouriſh'd by the light of truth.
'Then, beam'd thro' fancy the refining ray,
'And pouring on the heart, the paſſions feel
'At once informing light and moving flame;
'Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
'The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
'In all that mind or body can adorn,
'And form to life. Inſtead of barren heads,
'Barbarian pedants, wrangling ſons of pride,

'And truth-perplexing metaphyſic wits,
'Men, patriots, chiefs and citizens are form'd.
'Lo! JUSTICE, like the liberal light of heaven,
'Unpurchas'd, ſhines on all, and from her beam,
'Appalling guilt, retire the ſavage crew,
'That prowl amid the darkneſs they themſelves
'Have thrown around the laws. Oppreſſion grieves:
'See! how her legal Furies bite the lip,
'While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep ſnares detect,
'And ſeize ſwift juſtice thro' the clouds they raiſe.
'See! ſocial LABOUR lifts his guarded head,
'And men not yield to government in vain.
'From the ſure land is rooted ruffian force,
'And the leud nurſe of villains, idle waſte;
'Lo! raz'd their haunts, down daſh'd their madden-
ing bowl,
'A nation's poiſon! beauteous order reigns!
'Manly ſubmiſſion, unimpoſing toil,
'Trade without guile, civility that marks
'From the foul herd of brutal ſlaves THY ſons,
'And fearleſs peace. Or ſhould affronting war
'To ſlow but dreadful vengeance rouze the juſt,
'Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold!
'That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
'Their own bleſt iſle againſt a leaguing world.
'Deſpairing Gaul her boiling youth reſtrains,
'Diſſolv'd her dream of univerſal Sway:
'The winds and ſeas are BRITAIN's wide domain;
'And not a ſail, but by permiſſion, ſpreads.
'Lo! ſwarming ſouthward on rejoicing ſuns,
'Gay COLONIES extend; the calm retreat
'Of undeſerv'd diſtreſs, the better home
'Of thoſe whom bigots chaſe from foreign lands.
'Not built on Rapine, Servitude and Woe,
'And in their turn ſome petty tyrant's prey;

'But, bound by ſocial Freedom, firm they riſe;
'Such as, of late, an OGLETHORPE has form'd,
'And, crouding round, the charm'd Savannah ſees.
'Horrid with want and miſery, no more
'Our ſtreets the tender paſſenger afflict.
'Nor ſhivering age, nor ſickneſs without friend,
'Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
'Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
'Its guiltleſs pangs, I ſee! The ſtores, profuſe,
'Which Britiſh bounty has to theſe aſſign'd,
'No more the ſacriligious riot ſwell
'Of cannibal devourers! Right applied,
'No ſtarving wretch the land of Freedom ſtains:
'If poor, employment finds; if old demands,
'If ſick, if maim'd, his miſerable due;
'And will, if young, repay the fondeſt care.
'Sweet ſets the ſun of ſtormy life, and ſweet
'The morning ſhines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
'Lo! how they riſe! THESE FAMILIES OF HEAVEN!
'* That! chief, (but why—ye Bigots! why ſo late?)
'Where blooms and warbles glad a riſing age:
'What ſmiles of praiſe! And, while their ſong aſcends,
'The liſtening ſeraph lays his lute aſide.
'Hark! the gay MUSES raiſe a nobler ſtrain,
'With active nature, warm impaſſion'd truth,
'Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
'Of various ſtring, and heart-felt image fill'd.
'Behold! I ſee the dread delighted School
'Of temper'd Paſſions, and of poliſh'd Life,
'Reſtor'd: behold! the well-diſſembled ſcene
'Calls from imbelliſh'd eyes the lovely tear,
'Or lights up mirth in modeſt cheeks again.
'Lo! vaniſh'd Monſter-land. Lo! driven away
'Thoſe that Apollo's ſacred walks profane:

* An hoſpital for foundlings.

'Their wild creation ſcatter'd, where a world
'Unknown to Nature, Chaos more confus'd,
'O'er the brute ſcene * its Ouran-Outangs pours;
'Deteſted forms! that, on the mind impreſt,
'Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
'Behold! all thine again the SISTER ARTS,
'Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance,
'Nurs'd by the treaſure from a nation drain'd
'Their works to purchaſe, they to nobler rouze
'Their untamed genius, their unfetter'd thought;
'Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
'The gaudy tools, and priſoners, no more.
'Lo! numerous DOMES a BURLINGTON confeſs:
'For Kings and Senates fit, the Palace ſee!
'The Temple breathing a religious awe:
'Even framed with elegance the plain Retreat,
'The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
'Taſte never idly working, ſaves expence.
'See! SYLVAN SCENES, where Art, alone, pretends
'To dreſs her Miſtreſs, and diſcloſe her charms:
'Such as a POPE in miniature has ſhown;
'A BATHURST o'er the widening † foreſt ſpreads;
'And ſuch as form a RICHMOND, CHISWICK, STOWE.
'Auguſt, around, what PUBLIC WORKS I ſee!
'Lo! ſtately Streets, lo! ſquares that court the breeze,
'In ſpite of thoſe to whom pertains the care,
'Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways,
'Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
'Connecting ſea to ſea, the ſolid Road.
'Lo! the proud Arch (no vile exactor's ſtand)
'With eaſy ſweep beſtrides the chafing flood.
'See! long Canals, and deepen'd Rivers join

* A creature which, of all brutes, moſt reſembles man.—See Dr Tyſon's treatiſe on this animal.

† Okely woods, near Cirenceſter.

'Each part with each, and with the circling main
'The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! Ports expand,
'Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
'Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
'On every pointed coast the Light-house tow'rs;
'And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd,
'Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars.'

As thick to view THESE VARIED WONDERS rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassur'd,
The VISION broke; and, on my waking eye,
Rush'd the still RUINS of dejected ROME.

A

POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Right Honourable the

LORD TALBOT,

Late CHANCELLOR of Great Britain.

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Right Honourable the

LORD TALBOT.

Addreſſed to His Son.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father loſt; permit the Muſe,
The Muſe aſſign'd of old a double theme,
To praiſe dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whoſe generous taſk begins where int'reſt ends,
Permit her on a TALBOT's tomb to lay
This cordial verſe ſincere, by truth inſpir'd,
Which means not to beſtow but borrow fame.
Yes, ſhe may ſing his matchleſs virtues now——
Unhappy that ſhe may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond ſingle out each ray,
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thouſand hues,
Effuſe one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of theſe narrow days
No more preſume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In TALBOT we united ſaw
The piercing eye, the quick-enlighten'd ſoul,

The graceful eaſe, the flowing tongue of *Greece*,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of *Rome*.
Eternal wiſdom, that all-quick'ning ſun,
Whence every life, in juſt proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence, ſteady, calm,
Diffuſive, deep and clear, his reaſon ſaw,
With inſtantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliſs
Pertains, that nobleſt ſcience fit for man:
And hence, reſponſive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In conſort foul, agree; each heightening each;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender ſenſe,
What talent, or what virtue was not his;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give uſeful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in ſtudious ſhade to ly,
In ſoft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With ſelfiſh peace. The Syren of the wiſe
(Who ſteals th' Aonian ſong, and, in the ſhape
Of virtue, wooes them from a worthleſs world),
Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His ſtrenuous ſpirit, recollected, calm,
As ſilent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the buſtling, and the bad,
Preſs to uſurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of ſneaking intereſt or luxurious vice,
The villain's paſſions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigor through the ſoul,
Than thoſe that, mingled with our trueſt good,
With preſent honour and immortal fame,

Involve the good of all? an empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the ſhade
Lamenting lyes, with future ſchemes amus'd,
While Wickedneſs and Folly, *kindred powers*,
Confound the world. A TALBOT's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that diſdain'd
To loſe in deathlike ſloth one pulſe of life,
That might be ſav'd; diſdain'd for coward eaſe,
And her inſipid pleaſures, to reſign
The prize of glory, the keen ſweets of toil,
And thoſe high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the ſpring
Leads in her ſwelling train the gentle airs.
While gay, behind her, ſmiles the kindling waſte
Of ruffian ſtorms, and winter's lawleſs rage.
In him Aſtrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bleſs them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primæval faith,
Of happineſs and juſtice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, ſought the good
Of human kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model ſtates:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful ſleep could hold
His ſtill awaken'd ſoul; nor friends had charms
To ſteal, with pleaſing guile, one uſeful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unweary'd ſteps, by virtue led,
He gain'd the ſummit of that ſacred hill,
Where rais'd above black envy's dark'ning clouds,
Her ſpotleſs temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more!
Vaniſh, ye human comets! ſhrink your blaze!

Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,
You scatter famine, pestilence and war;
Vanish! before this vernal sun of fame;
Effulgent sweetness, beaming life and joy.
How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplext,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
By Heaven—He sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:
Then spoke the man; and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.
Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd,
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of justice, like the steady sun,

Its equal ardor lent; and ſometimes, rais'd
Againſt the ſons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet ſtill by ſober dignity reſtrain'd.
As intuition quick, he ſnatch'd the truth,
Yet with progreſſive patience, ſtep by ſtep,
Self diffident, or to the ſlower kind,
He thro' the maze of falſhood trac'd it on,
Till at the laſt evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And even the loſer own'd the juſt decree.
But when in ſenates, he, to Freedom firm,
Enlighten'd Freedom, plann'd ſalubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His inſight deep into BRITANNIA's weal,
Spontaneous ſeem'd from ſimple ſenſe to flow,
And the plain patriot ſmooth'd the brow of law.
No ſpecious ſwell, no frothy pomp of words
Fell on the cheated ear; no ſtudy'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: ſafe in itſelf,
In its own force, all-powerful Reaſon ſpoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,
He ſtream'd deciſive day, and ſhew'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth, in eloquence *unbid*,
The heart attends: for let the *Venal* try
Their every hardening ſtupifying art,
Truth muſt prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, ſkilful touch'd, is honeſt ſtill.
Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends? how rare in courts,
Such wiſdom! ſuch abilities! and join'd
To virtue ſo determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of ſuch adamantine proof,
As even corruption, hopeleſs, and o'er-aw'd,

Durſt not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to pleaſe,
Nobly to pleaſe; while equally he ſcorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the ſtate, where wakes a ruling eye
Of ſuch inſpection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard ſo vigilant, ſo pure,
Toil may reſign his careleſs head to reſt,
And ever-jealous Freedom ſleep in peace.
Ah! loſt untimely! loſt in downward days!
And many a patriot counſel with him loſt!
Counſels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldeſt time by fate
Appointed, as did once a TALBOT's arms.
Let learning, arts, let univerſal worth,
Lament a patron loſt, a friend and judge.
Unlike the ſons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's proſtituted name,
Dare ſacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And fluſh confuſion o'er an honeſt cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it ſeem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
His ſympathizing heart itſelf receiv'd
The generous obligation he beſtow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muſes own,
But ſcorn with noble pride the boaſted aid
Of taſteleſs vanity's inſulting hand.
The gracious ſtream, that chears the letter'd world,
Is not the noiſy gift of ſummer's noon,
Whoſe ſudden current, from the naked root
Waſhes the little ſoil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the bluſhing flowers:
No, 'tis the ſoft deſcending dews at eve,
The ſilent treaſures of the vernal year,

Indulging deep their ſtores, the ſtill night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freſhen'd world
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy and ſong.
Still let me view him in the pleaſing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded ſoul is ſeen.
There with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the ſoft graces of the friendly ſcene,
Inſpiring ſocial confidence and eaſe.
As free the converſe of the wiſe and good,
As joyous, diſentangling every power,
And breathing mixt improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-bloſſom'd ſpring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,
The philoſophic mind with nature talks.
Say ye, his Sons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! ſpeak the joy,
The pure ſerene, the chearful wiſdom mild,
The virtuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,
In ſemblance of amuſement, thro' the breaſt
Infus'd. And thou, O * Rundle! lend thy ſtrain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his ſoul!
In whom the head and heart their ſtores unite:
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digeſts, the well-tune'd boſom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory converſing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,

* Dr Rundle late Biſhop of Derry in Ireland.

Where Derry's mountains a bleak creſcent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole reſounding, ruſh
Impetuous. Tho' from native ſun-ſhine driven,
Driven from your friends, the ſun-ſhine of the ſoul,
By ſlanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bleſs your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendſhip glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into ſlow eſteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the ſweet light from mingled minds diſclos'd,
From mingled chymic oils as burſts the fire.
I too remember well that chearful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The ſerious there
Mix'd with the ſportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth ſoften'd wiſdom, candor temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the ſting.
Not ſimple nature's unaffected ſons,
The blameleſs Indians, round their foreſt-cheer,
In ſunny lawn or ſhady covert ſet,
Hold more unſpotted converſe; nor of old,
Rome's awful conſuls, her dictator-ſwains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms,
They fared, with ſtricter virtue fed the ſoul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
When Socrates preſided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd or deeper ſcience reign'd.
But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By juſt degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human-kind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free acceſs, and of engaging grace,

Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And ſpread an open countenance, where ſmiled
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
For *nothing human foreign was to him.*
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be ſupported, you ſucceed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will thro' lateſt time enrich your race,
When groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt,
And with their authors in oblivion ſunk
Vain titles ly, the ſervile badges oft
Of mean ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind. thro' every land and age,
Of univerſal reaſon's various ſons,
And even of GOD himſelf, ſole perfect Judge!
Yet know theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
On rigid terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scan'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant ſeeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
Amid the nameleſs inſects of a court,
Unheeded ſteal: but with his ſire compar'd,
He muſt be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muſe
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear
That ſhould a TALBOT mourn. Ourſelves. indeed,
Our Country robb'd of her delight and ſtrength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy
That we ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, teaching our views to riſe
Thro' ever-bright'ning ſcenes of future worlds.

Be dumb, ye worſt of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its ſpirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a TALBOT's light,
A TALBOT's virtues claim another ſource,
Than the blind maze of undeſigning blood;
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.
Methinks I ſee his mounting ſpirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Eternal Goodneſs, on this darkſome ſpot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliſs,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Croud his compatriot ſhades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameleſs boaſt.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptured?—'Tis the beſt of ſons!
The beſt of friends!—Too ſoon is realized
That hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred ſouls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now
In one ſelected never-jarring ſtate,
Where GOD himſelf their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet ſuch the ſenſe that ſtill
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loſs, they drop a pitying tear.
But ceaſe, preſumptuous Muſe, nor vainly ſtrive
To quit this cloudy ſphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace theſe ſcenes,
Scenes that our groſs ideas groveling caſt
Behind, and ſtrike our boldeſt language dumb.

Forgive, immortal ſhade! if aught from earth,
From duſt low-warbled, to thoſe groves can riſe,
Where flows celeſtial harmony, forgive
This fond ſuperfluous verſe. With deep-felt voice,
On ev'ry heart impreſs'd, thy deeds themſelves
Atteſt thy praiſe. Thy praiſe the widows ſighs,
And orphans tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The ſons of juſtice and the ſons of ſtrife,
All who or freedom or who intereſt prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all,
Conſpire to ſwell thy ſpotleſs praiſe to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres
With ſongs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inſpires.
The Muſe, beſides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her prieſteſs, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenſer, *the obſolete words, and a ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were neceſſary to make the imitation more perfect. And the ſtile of that admirable poet, as well as the meaſure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by Cuſtom to all allegorical poems writ in our language; juſt as in the French the ſtile of* Marot, *who lived under* Francis I. *has been uſed in tales, and familiar epiſtles, by the politeſt writers of the age of* Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION of the obſolete Words uſed in this POEM.

ARCHIMAGE—*The chief, or greateſt of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid—*paid.*
Appall—*affright.*
Atween—*between.*
Ay—*always,*

Bale—*ſorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt—*named.*
Blazon—*painting, diſplaying.*
Breme—*cold, raw.*

Carol—*to ſing ſongs of joy.*
Caucus—*the north-eaſt wind.*
Certes—*certainly.*

Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly—*ſkilfully.*
Depainted—*painted.*
Drowſy-head—*drowſineſs.*

Eath—*eaſy.*
Eftſoons—*immediately, often, afterwards.*
Eke—*alſo.*

Fays—*fairies.*

Gear or Geer—*furniture, equipage, dreſs.*
Glaive—*ſword.* (Fr.)
Glee—*joy, pleaſure.*

Han—*have.*

Hight—*named, called*; and ſometimes it is uſed for *is called*. See Stanza vii.

Idleſs—*Idleneſs.*
Imp—*Child, or offspring; from the* Saxon *impan, to graft or plant.*

Keſt—*for caſt.*

Lad—*for led.*
Lea—*a piece of land, or meadow.*
Libbard—*leopard.*
Lig—*to ly.*
Loſel—*a looſe idle fellow.*
Louting—*bowing, bending.*
Lithe—*looſe, lax.*

Mell—*mingle.*
Moe—*more.*
Moil—*to labour.*
Mote—*might.*
Muchel *or* Mochel—*much, great.*

Nathleſs—*nevertheleſs.*
Ne—*nor.*
Needments—*neceſſaries.*
Nourſling—*a child that is nurſed.*
Noyance—*harm.*

Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*) *an old oath.*
Prick'd thro' the foreſt—*rode thro' the foreſt.*

Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, ſhining.*
Sicker—*ſure, ſurely.*
Soot—*ſweet, or ſweetly.*

Sooth—*true, or truth.*
Stound—*misfortune, pang.*
Sweltry—*ſultry, conſuming with heat.*
Swink—*to labour.*
Smackt—*ſavoured.*

Thrall—*ſlave.*
Tranſmew'd—*tranſform'd.*

Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorn'd.*

Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom—*ere-while, formerly.*
Wight—*man.*
Wis *for* Wiſt—*to know, think, underſtand.*
Wonne—(a Noun) *Dwelling.*
Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. *The letter* Y *is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by* Spenſer, *to lengthen it a ſyllable, and* en *at the end of a word, for the ſame reaſon, as* withouten, caſten, *&c.*

Yborn—*born.*
Yblent *or* blent—*blended, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, named.*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*melted.*
Yode (*preter tenſe of* yede) *went.*

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The caſtle-hight of Indolence,
And its falſe luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL man, who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For, tho' ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Looſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

II.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.

It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground;
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that ſlumbrous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Mean-time unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters ſheen;
That as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Tho' reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſhopper did keep:
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

V.

Full in the paſſage of the vale above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn foreſt ſtood;
Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to move,
As Idleſs fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills on either ſide a wood,
Of blackening pines ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to flow.

VI.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-head it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye;
And of gay caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer ſky:
There eke the ſoft delights, that witchingly
Inſtill a wanton ſweetneſs through the breaſt,
And the calm pleaſures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance, or unreſt,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

VII.

The landſcape ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where INDOLENCE (for ſo the wizard hight)
Cloſe hid his caſtle mid embowering trees,
That half ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of chequer'd day and night:
Meanwhile, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting man's eſtate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crouded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by:
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till cluſtering round th' enchanter falſe they hung,
Ymolten with his ſyren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords thoſe tempting verſes ſung:

IX.

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
"See all but man with unearn'd pleaſure gay:
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!

" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie!
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
" Is all ſhe hath to do beneath the radiant ſky.

X.

" Behold the merry minſtrels of the morn,
" The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
" Ten thouſand throats! that from the flowering
" thorn,
" Hymn their good God, and carol ſweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plow, nor ſow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodding ſheaves they drove;
" Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcaſt of nature, man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter-dropping ſweat, and ſweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices, an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain:
" For when hard-hearted Intereſt firſt began
" To poiſon earth, Aſtraea left the plain;
" Guile, violence, and murder ſeiz'd on man,
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the rivers
" ran.

XII.

" Come, ye, who ſtill the cumbrous load of life
" Puſh hard up hill; but as the ſarther ſteep
" You truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
" Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty ſweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For ever vain; come, and withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,

" Your cares, your toils; will ſteep you in a ſea
" Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

" With me you need not riſe at early dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds;
" Or, louting low, on upſtart fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds,
" Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lie, and viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds;
" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks with me to ruſtic labour call,
" From village on to village ſounding clear;
" To tardy ſwain no ſhrill-voic'd matrons ſquall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blackſmith ſear,
" Ne noiſy tradeſmen your ſweet ſlumbers ſtart,
" With ſounds that are a miſery to hear:
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here nought but candor reigns, indulgent eaſe,
" Good-natur'd lounging, ſauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always
" pleaſe;
" On other's ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
" Thus, from the ſource of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe;
" For intereſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife are baniſh'd
" hence.

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repoſe of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ſtorm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above thoſe paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
" But here, inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill more
" gay.

XVII.

" The beſt of men have ever loved repoſe;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
" Where the ſoul lowrs, and gradual rancor grows,
" Imbittered more from peeviſh day to day.
" Even thoſe whom fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renowned of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtolen away:
" So SCIPIO, to the ſoft Cumaean ſhore
" Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exerciſe you chuſe,
" Some zeſt for eaſe, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the muſe,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or ſoftly ſtealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimſon-ſpotted fry
" You may delude: the whilſt, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarſe ſtream, and now the zephir's
" ſigh,
" Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up eſtate,
" Loſing the days you ſee beneath the ſun;

" When, ſudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives th' untaſted portion you have won,
" With ruthleſs toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To thoſe who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with ſad ghoſts to pine, and ſhadows dun:
" But ſure it is of vanities moſt vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But ſtill their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching ſong;
That by a kind of magic power, conſtrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the liſtening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they ſlipt along,
In ſilent eaſe; as when beneath the beam
Of ſummer-moons, the diſtant woods among,
Or by ſome flood all ſilver'd with the gleam,
The ſoft-embodied fays through airy portal ſtream:

XXI.

By the ſmooth demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began:
Tho' ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han.
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair ſpoken man.
Yet through the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very beſt they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leapt upon them ſtrait;
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant crew,
Who ſought to pull high Jove from regal ſtate;

Though feeble wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow hue,
Certes, who bides his graſp will that encounter rue:

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeized in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then ſighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the croud, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwol'n with ſleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe,
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black ſtaff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in, array'd
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns, [fain,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right
Sir porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

XXVII.

Thus eaſy rob'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan HOMER ſings, huge pleaſaunce
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [grew,
Fair gladſome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams
more fair.

XVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made:
"Ye ſons of INDOLENCE, do what you will;
"And wander where you liſt, through hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleaſure for another's ſtaid;
"Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ,
"And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
"Here dwells kind eaſe and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one efroons in view was to be found,
But every man ſtroll'd off his own glad way.

Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to ſtray;
While ſolitude, and perfect ſilence reign'd:
So that to think you dream'd you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

XXX.

As when a ſhepherd of the * Hebrid Iſles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand, embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wondrous ſhow.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet and of ſleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring,
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days,
In this foul deadening place, looſe-loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my muſe, nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celeſtial fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of Britain will inſpire;
Of ancient bards thou yet ſhalt ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhalt tread in tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,

* Thoſe iſlands on the weſtern coaſt of Scotland called the Hebrides.

The ſage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Daſhing corruption down thro' every worthleſs age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
Ne curſed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of Turkey and of Perſia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch around in ſeemly band;
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Even undemanded by a ſign or ſound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd, without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly ſpleen durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muſes might inſpire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was enwoven many a gentle tale;

Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly tortur'd heart;
Or, ſighing tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart;
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around repoſe and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Don Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſilvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſs'd ſons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſcapes riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage Roſa daſh'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.

XXXIX.

Each ſound too here to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe.
Aërial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft, by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:

Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The god of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, * *The harp of Aeolus* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtrings ſo fine?
Who up the lofty Diapaſon roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fan'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

XLII.

Such the gay ſplendor, the luxurious ſtate,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' ſhore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore;
And verſe, love, muſic ſtill the garland wore:
When ſleep was coy, † the bard, in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muſe's lore;

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact ſuch an inſtrument, called *Aeolus*'s *harp*, which, when placed againſt a little ruſhing or current of air, produces the effect here deſcribed

† The Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of

Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all;
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt elyſian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeate ſmile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal ſpace;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery beds all languiſhingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illuſions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muſe will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon our nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd delights.

their court, whoſe office it was to do what is here mentioned.

XLVI.

They were, in ſooth, a moſt enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; ſkilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for thoſe fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down down black gulphs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep:
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian ſpirits, to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while O lend us from the tomb
Thoſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive?— Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth;
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muſe, reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amuſement of our houſhold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth; where conſtantly

Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte?

L.

Of vanity the mirror This was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee,
At his dull deſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Moſt like to carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
A penny ſaved is a penny got:
Firm to this ſcoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and baniſhed his pot.

LI

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen him among them ſhare:
His father's ghoſt from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards: oft they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a Theſpian rage;
Then write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when uſeleſs worldly ſtore.

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:
See how they daſh along from wall to wall!
At every door hark, how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy route excite?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall?
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling ſons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging rear'd
Th' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner * Lucifer recalls affairs,
Then forth they various ruſh in mighty fret!
When lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another ſet, and kicketh them down ſtairs.

LV.

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife:
Moſt Chriſtian kings, enflam'd by black deſire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

LVI.

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;

* The Morning Star.

From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gypſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of fools that aſk
For place or penſion, laid in decent row;
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive not ſad, in thought involv'd not dark.
As ſoot this man could ſing as morning lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart;
But theſe his talents were ybury'd ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

LVIII.

To noontide ſhade incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep inviting ſound:
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:
There would he linger till the lateſt ray
Of light ſat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cœrulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk:
Oft ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is done."

LXI.

Here lurch'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Thro' ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mein,
Our caſtle's ſhame! whence from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,

The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary ſhore:
Taught by this ſon of joy, we found it ſo;
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd caſtle all, th' abode of ſleep no more.

LXIV

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps along,
Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng:
And oft he ſips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmoſt walks the muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent.

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us! true ſon of virtue, come!
"But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade,
"To ly content beneath our peaceful dome,
"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
"Yet when at laſt thy toils but ill apaid
"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
"Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
"There to indulge the muſe, and nature mark:
"We then a lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY PARK."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' * Esopus of the age;
But call'd by fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
Even from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judgement takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems;
† Who void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing ſage: his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry;
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

* Mr Quin.

† The following lines of this ſtanza were writ by a friend of the author.

LXX

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but ſtate affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow ſat every nation's cares:
The world by them is parcel'd out in ſhares,
When in the *Hall of Smoke* they congreſs hold,
And the ſage berry ſun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then ſmoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth myſterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort;
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury.
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom:
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time:
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhyme;
Then riſing ſudden, to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering ſtep and ſlow:
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they ſighing ly reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god ſoft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now muſt I mark the villainy we found,
But ah! too late, as ſhall eftſoons be ſhewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where ſtill our inmates, when unpleaſing grown,

Diſeas'd and loathſome, privily were thrown,
Far from the light of heaven, they languiſh'd there
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of thoſe wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurſes were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from ſcenes of joy and reſt,
To this dark den, where ſickneſs toſs'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his ſides, and ſnored night and day;
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraitway:
He led, I wot, the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain and ſtrife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the ſpittles know,
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro:
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

LXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings;
Whilſt Apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and induſtry,
And his atchievements fair;
That, by this caſtle's overthrow
Secur'd and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the caſtle of the ſire of ſin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs ſavouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view. But now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
And of the falſe inchanter INDOLENCE complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the muſe,
And fence for her Parnaſſus' barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe *th' Aonian hive* deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the muſes other meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Through which Aurora ſhews her brightening face;

You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great Children* leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my muſe, and raiſe a bolder ſong;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loth,
Thy half-writ ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of ſoftneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouze the ſlumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-Land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature ſtern, Selvaggio well yclep'd;
A rough unpoliſh'd man, robuſt and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne ſtores in ſummer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by June, now in November ſteep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January ſore,
He ſtill in woods purſu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the foreſt to diſlodge his prey,
Deep in the winding boſom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
Did to a lonely cot his ſteps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd her with a luſty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood ſhade this boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous luſtyhed,
THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing ſtream;
His taſteful well-earn'd food the ſilvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the wood-lands teem:
The ſame to him glad ſummer, or the winter breme.

VIII.

So paſs'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the foreſt ſeem'd to be the ſon;
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the ſoil and rule the crook;
Ne did the ſacred Nine diſdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every ſcience, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtleſs brutes excel,
That can or uſe, or joy, or grace impart,
Diſcloſing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic force with firmneſs hard: [par'd.
Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roſeate breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the ſecret vale,

Yclad in ſteel, and bright with burniſh'd mail,
He ſtrain'd the bow, or toſs'd the ſounding ſpear,
Or darting on the goal outſtripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through nature's ſtore,
Whate'er ſhe in th' etherial round contains,
Whate'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or elſe he ſcann'd the Globe, thoſe ſmall domains,
Where reſtleſs mortals ſuch a turmoil keep,
Its ſeas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he ſearch'd the mind, and rous'd from ſleep
Thoſe moral ſeeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high purſuits
Of heavenly truth, and practiſe what ſhe taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits:
Sometimes in hand the ſpade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ſtrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the fineſt draught;
And oft he put himſelf to Neptune's ſchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean pool.

XIII.

To ſolace then theſe rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling convaſs into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic ſtrife;
Or, to ſuch ſhapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or with vary'd fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute ſweet tenderneſs inſpire,
Or verſes fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accompliſh'd thus he from the woods iſſu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work, which long he in his breaſt had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To-wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundleſs foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage wood and ſkies;
No cities nouriſh'd arts, no culture ſmil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worſt of brutes, was man:
On his own wretched kind he ruthleſs prey'd:
The ſtrongeſt ſtill the weakeſt over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers ſway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a ſcene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my ſong,
To ſay how this *beſt Sun*, from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chaſing indolence and crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times,
Succeſſive, had; but now in ruins grey
They ly, to ſlaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir INDUSTRY then ſpread
The ſwelling ſail, and made for Britain's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and green-wood foreſt loſt,

All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's coſt;
Save ſpear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement ſkies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my choſen iſle (he cries);
This, whilſt my labours LIBERTY ſuſtains,
This queen of ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and perſevering pains;
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindeſt firmeſt hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever arts and induſtry can frame;
Whatever finiſh'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who came,
When Eden flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame:
And ſtill with her ſweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they raviſh, tranquilize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and uſe combined.

XX.

Then towns he quickned by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores, [roars.
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder

XXI.

The drooping muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd city * by Propontic ſea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them free,
And brought them to another Caſtalie,
Where Iſis many a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old Cam ſoft paces o'er the lee
In penſive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds.
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? they are the quinteſſence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and ſlow encreaſt;
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty patrons the coy ſiſters call
Up to the ſun-ſhine of uncumber'd eaſe,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'ſt they aſk no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to ſuch as ſleek the ſoothing rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear MÆCENAS' name,
Poor ſons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken ſpirits chear! ſtill, ſtill remains
Th' Eternal Patron, LIBERTY; whoſe flame,
While ſhe protects, inſpires the nobleſt ſtrains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are toil-created gains.

* Conſtantinople.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,
A matchleſs form of glorious government,
In which the ſovereign laws alone command,
Laws 'ſtabliſh'd by the public free conſent,
Whoſe majeſty is to the ſceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome ſcene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he choſe a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
In this calm ſeat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the ſwain.
The happy monarch of his ſylvan train,
Here, ſided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and chear'd his bleſt domain:
His days, the days of unſtain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witneſs, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witneſs, ye flocks, whoſe wooly veſtments far
Exceed ſoft India's cotton, or her ſilk;
Witneſs, with Autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath ſweet evening's ſtar.
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O hide thy head abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleneſs the child!
From Heaven this life yſprung, from Hell thy glories vild!

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement baniſh'd was
Th' amuſing care of rura ind..ſtry.

Still, as with grateful change the ſeaſons paſs,
New ſcenes ariſe, new landſcapes ſtrike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not art encroach;
'Tis art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too briſk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature ſtray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigor what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard INDOLENCE,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the ſenſe,
Even much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and ſtout.

XXX.

A rage of pleaſure madden'd every breaſt,
Down to the loweſt lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wiſh each muſt be bleſs'd,
With joy be fever'd; ſnatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the ſtandard rear'd; her arrier-ban

Corruption call'd, and loud ſhe gave the word,
" Mind, mind yourſelves! why ſhould the vulgar
" man,
" The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
" Enjoy this ſpan of life! 'tis all the Gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repoſe.
" Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee
" call;
" Come, ſave us yet, ere ruin round us cloſe!
" The demon INDOLENCE thy toil o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour ſtain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening ſnows
Of venerable eld; his eye full ſpeaks
His ardent ſoul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will, (he cried), ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Diſpatch. " My ſteed be at the gate;
" My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twiſted by the ſiſters three;
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful deſtiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
Of wither'd aſpect; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown bedight,
As is his ſiſter in the copſes green *,
He crept along, unpromiſing of mein.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure ſheen.

* The Nightingale.

True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all elſe is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come, (quoth the Knight), a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon INDOLENCE threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, PHILOMELUS; let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his caſtle low.
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men, who will be ſlaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But ſome there be, thy ſong, as from their graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without rigor ſaves.

XXXV.

Iſſuing forth, the Knight beſtrode his ſteed,
Of ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
Shone blazing bright: ſprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
Mean time, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
His meditations, but full ſoftly trode:
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs;
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
"Sweet rills of thought that chear the conſcious "ſoul;
"While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams of hell,
"The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
"Will through the tortur'd breaſt their fiery torrent "roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſummits rear.
On the cool height a while our palmers ſtay,
And ſpite even of themſelves their ſenſes chear;
Then to the vizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer.
Like a green iſle, it broad beneath them ſpred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to ſhed the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and ſong: and without hurry all ſeem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

" As God ſhall judge me, Knight, we muſt forgive,
(The half-enraptur'd PHILOMELUS cry'd),
" The frail good man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
" Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
" That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide,
" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice.

XXXIX.

" Ay, ſicker, (quoth the Knight), all fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh vice of this avail,
" And think to ſcape deſerved puniſhment.
" Juſtice were cruel weakly to relent;
" From Mercy's ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive:
" Grace be to thoſe who can and will repent;
" But penance long, and dreary, to the ſlave,
" Who muſt in flood of fire his groſs foul ſpirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high diſcourſe, they came to where
The curſed carle was at his wonted trade;

Still tempting heedleſs men into his ſnare,
In witching wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic knight approaching nigh,
And by his ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who rooſted cock doth ſpy.

XLI.

Nathleſs, with feign'd reſpect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not ſlack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he reſum'd his ſong; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his muſic, ran through all his ſtrings:
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakneſs flings.
What pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvel'd he could with ſuch ſweet art unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and right.
Mean-time, the ſilly croud the charm devour,
Wide preſſing to the gate. Swift on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backning ſhun'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre of old,
The wary Retiarius * trapp'd his foe;
Even ſo the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,

* A Gladiator, who made uſe of a net, which he threw over his adverſary.

Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around;
Black ſtormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound,
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſtrook,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the ground;
Huge crouds on crouds out-pour'd, with blemiſh'd look.
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things had ſhook.

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernes' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir INDUSTRY the firſt calm moment ſtole.
"There muſt, (he cry'd), amid ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
"Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
"Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl:
"Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart:
"Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpirit ſtart."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His Britiſh harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,

And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong:
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands round
him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burſt his ſtrain.——

"Ye hapleſs race,
"Dire-labouring here to ſmother reaſon's ray,
"That lights our Maker's image in our face,
"And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway;
"What is th' ador'd *ſupreme perfection*, ſay?
"What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
"Almighty power, and all-directing day;
"By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
"Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the
whole.

XLVIII.

"Come, to the beaming GOD your hearts unfold!
"Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence alone,
"We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
"To ſeraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
"Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
"Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
"In univerſal nature this clear ſhewn,
"Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
"To prove the beauteous world excells the brute abyſs.

XLIX.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
"A joyous ſight more than the dead moraſs?
"Do not the ſkies, with active æther clean,
"And fann'd by ſprightly Zephyrs, far ſurpaſs
"The foul November-fogs, and ſlumbrous maſs,
"With which ſad Nature veils her drooping face?
"Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as glaſs,
"Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool diſgrace?
"The ſame in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in eaſe,
" That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That ſoft yet ardent Athens learn'd to pleaſe,
" To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
" In all ſupreme! complete in every part!
" It was not thence majeſtic Rome aroſe,
" And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
" For ſluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the child of indolent repoſe.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
" But in looſe joy their time to wear away;
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance fought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay;
" Rude nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-day;
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
" None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honour'd been,
none prais'd.

LII.

" Great Homer's ſong had never fir'd the breaſt
" To thirſt of glory, and heroic deeds;
" Sweet Maro's muſe, ſunk in inglorious reſt,
" Had ſilent ſlept amid the Mincian reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their beads,
" And monkiſh legends been their only ſtrains:
" Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
" Our Shakeſpeare ſtroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick ſwains,
" Ne had my maſter Spenſer charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

" Dumb too had been the ſage hiſtoric muſe,
" And periſh'd all the ſons of ancient fame;
" Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,

" Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no name.
" Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
" Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
" And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

" But ſhould to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
" If right I read, you pleaſure all require:
" Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
" How beſt enjoy'd this nature's wide deſire.
" Toil, and be glad! let induſtry inſpire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
" Who does not act is dead: abſorpt entire
" In miry ſloth, no pride no joy he hath;
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death.

LV.

" Ah! what avail the largeſt gifts of Heaven,
" When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
" How taſteleſs then whatever can be given?
" Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
" And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
" Behold the wretch, who ſlugs his life away,
" Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs;
" While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

" O who can ſpeak the vigorous joys of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind:
" The morning riſes gay; with pleaſing ſtealth,
" The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
" In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
" See! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
" As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
" Yet what but high-ſtrung health this dancing pleaſaunce breeds?

LVII.

" But here, inſtead, is foſter'd every ill,
" Which or diſtemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred ſpirits! do not ſpill
" Your talents here. This place is but a ſhew,
" Whoſe charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleaſure's roſes, void of ſerpents grow,
" Sincere as ſweet; come, follow this good knight,
" And you will bleſs the day that brought him to your ſight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to camps;
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty ſtates;
" To high diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth; ſome to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and ſofter fates;
" To the ſweet muſes ſome, who raiſe the heart:
" All glory ſhall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them ſay),
" Even death deſpis'd by generous actions fair;
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers repair,
" Their every power diſſolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of ſloth get free,
" 'Tis riſing from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

LX.

" Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
" Of theſe huge threatning difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions ſtand,
" His ſoul appall, and damp his riſing fire?

"Reſolve, reſolve, and to be men aſpire.
"Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone,
"Here to mankind indulg'd: controul deſire:
"Let godlike reaſon, from her ſovereign throne,
"Speak the commanding word—*I will!*—and it is done.

LXI.

"Heavens! can you then thus waſte, in ſhameful wiſe,
"Your few important days of trial here?
"Heirs of eternity! yborn to riſe
"Through endleſs ſtates of being, ſtill more near
"To bliſs approaching, and perfection clear,
"Can you renounce a fortune ſo ſublime,
"Such glorious hopes, your backward ſteps to ſteer,
"And roll, with vileſt brutes, through mud and ſlime?
"No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts diſdain the "ſordid crime!"

LXII.

"Enough! enough!" they cry'd—ſtrait, from the croud,
The better ſort on wings of tranſport fly.
As when amid the lifeleſs ſummits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid ſky
Snows pil'd on ſnows in wintry torpor ly,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
Rouz'd into action, lively leap away, gay.
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new Being

LXIII.

Not leſs the life, the vivid joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting ſpirit clean,
When, juſt deliver'd from this fleſhly den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native ſkies agen.

How light its eſſence ! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen !
Even ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
Even ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage enflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
" Ye ſons of hate ! (they bitterly exclaim'd),
" What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love ?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our time,
" What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts ? Is happineſs a crime ?
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven ſublime.

LXV.

" Ye impious wretches, (quoth the knight in wrath),
" Your happineſs behold !"—Then ſtrait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſehood to command.
Sudden, the landſcape ſinks on every hand ;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found ;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand ;
And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground, [around.
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature crawls

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung :
Or, in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay ; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd :
Theſe, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves ; whence oft, when night controul'd
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Mean-time a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar-houſe, I whilom in my lay
Depeinted have, its horrors deep diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light th' unwonted ſmile
Pour'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile,
The ſick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes a while.

LXVIII.

"O heaven! (they cry'd), and do we once more ſee
"Yon bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?
"Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
"And drink our ſouls the ſweet æthereal air?
"O thou! or Knight, or God! who holdeſt there
"That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
"But what for us, the children of deſpair,
"Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
"Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears.
"Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace
"T'undo the paſt, and eke your broken years:
"Nathleſs, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
"With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
"A power the truly contrite heart that chears;
"She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
"She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

"Then patient bear the ſufferings you have earn'd,
"And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind;
"Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd;
"Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd;

" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you ſhall, new creatures, yet ariſe.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your ſorrow from your eyes,
" One who will ſoothe your pangs, and wing you to the ſkies."

LXXI.

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you (reſum'd the Knight with ſterner tone)
" Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon ſears,
" That villain's gifts will coſt you many a groan;
" In dolorous manſion long you muſt bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away;
" Till, ſoft and pure as infant goodneſs grown,
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can ſay,
" What grace may yet ſhine forth in heaven's eternal day?"

LXXII.

This ſaid, his powerful wand he wav'd anew;
Inſtant, a glorious angel train deſcends,
The Charities, to wit, of roſy-hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hoſpital aſcends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that ſad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying ſight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; ſome, from the palid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature ſheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilſt, to chaſe
The fear ſupreme around their ſoften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven diſpreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of Peace the moſſy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deſarts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But, ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt:
For (horrible to tell!) a deſart wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt;
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd, [care,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
Whilſt Phœbus ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a grey waſte appear'd;
Where nought but putrid ſtreams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auſter's beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing Caurus ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnow:
Through theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt *Beggary*, and *Scorn*, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;

Of morbid hue his features, ſunk and ſad:
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! an heart-appalling ſight!
Mean-time foul ſcurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, ſtill barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend:
Hell holds none worſe in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhew
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blaſt from boreal ſnow;
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Even ſo through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſly ſwine is prick'd along;
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troublous ſong,
And oft they plunge themſelves the mire among:
But ay the ruthleſs driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they reſt from their unreſting fone.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

VERSES

Occaſioned by the

DEATH of Mr AIKMAN, a particular Friend of the AUTHOR's.

AS thoſe we love decay, we die in part,
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart:
Till looſen'd life, at laſt, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who lateſt feels the blow,
Whoſe eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can reſign is breath.

ODE.

TELL me, thou ſoul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his chearleſs home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'ſt round my walk,
While, under ev'ry well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd ſhadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find a ſhort relief,
Oh viſit thou my ſoothing dream!

EPITAPH

ON

Miss STANLEY.

HERE, STANLEY, reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own.
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!
O born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm;
To ſhow us Virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs Reaſon's moral reign,
What boaſtful ſcience arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Bleſt be the bark! that wafts us to the ſhore,
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

To the REVEREND

Mr MURDOCH,

RECTOR of Straddiſhal in Suffolk, 1738.

THUS ſafely low, my friend, thou canſt not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me, the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

LATTER PART of the 6th Chapter of St Matthew.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
Oh, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford,
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;

Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall cloathe theſe ſhivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong;
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong:
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing, that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing, when ſpring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the diſtreſsful call:
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
Obſerve the riſing lilly's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!
If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If, o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

SONG.

I.

ONE day the God of fond deſire,
On miſchief bent, to Damon ſaid,
Why not diſcloſe your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The ſhepherd mark'd his treach'rous art,
And ſoftly ſighing, thus reply'd:
'Tis true, you have ſubdu'd my heart,
But ſhall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The ſlave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his paſſion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſtening plain!

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

O! tell her, what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue muſt ever bind,
Oh tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Nor purer her own wiſhes riſe,
Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.

But if, at firſt, her virgin fear
Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſoothe her ear:
True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

SONG.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſh'ning fields appear:
Without my love there is no ſpring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part:

Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But buſy buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

COME, gentle God of ſoft deſire,
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildneſs dreſt;

But come in friendſhip's angel-guiſe:
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art,
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
More ſweet emotions at the heart.

O come with goodneſs in thy train,
With peace and pleaſure void of ſtorm;
And wouldſt thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

ODE.

O NIGHTINGALE, beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love;
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care.

But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt leſt envious tongues ſhould blame:
And hence, in vain, I languiſh for my bride;
O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame.

To SERAPHINA.

ODE.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the falſe illuſive light,
Whoſe flattering unauſpicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that ſweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the ſacred Queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bleſt,
Conducting them to peace and reſt.
A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguiſh, guilt and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes diſpenſe
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in viſions angels ſhed
Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina, ſure,
Is to be tender, happy, pure:
'Tis from low paſſions to eſcape,
And woo bright virtue's faireſt ſhape;
'Tis extaſy with wiſdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

ODE

ON

ÆOLUS's HARP*.

I.

ÆTHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove,
Ye unſeen beings, to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

II.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart;
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone:
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he the ſacred Bard †, who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint:
And to ſuch ſadly-ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſoothe a dying ſaint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raiſe:
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

* Æolus's Harp is a muſical inſtrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr Oſwald; its properties are fully deſcribed in the Caſtle of Indolence.

† Jeremiah.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring ſpirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe my Muſe forgets to ſing.

HYMN
ON
SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly-pleaſing ſolitude,
Companion of the wiſe and good:
But from whoſe holy piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky.
A ſhepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking HARTFORD's bloom,
As, with her MUSIDORA, ſhe
(Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)

Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The Virtues of the ſage, and ſwain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And chear thy glooms with light divine:
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret cell!
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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